TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1925 — NUMBER 11

City and Country

THE rural denizen, at the beginning of the annual summer incursion, used often to lean on the top rail of the fence and sniff "City folks!" at approaching boarders. There was a latent contempt in his remark. "City folks" dressed weirdly and talked a curious language of their own. They flaunted a culture difficult to comprehend. To the eye of the farmer they were concerned with a thousand foolishnesses that they took quite seriously. They never seemed really to know where they were at. And the rural denizen prided himself upon the fact that he, in his own daily toil, was concerned with the few fundamental facts of life that really mattered. Hence "city folks", with all their highfalutin' ways, were a matter of mystery and no little amusement to him.

There has always been enough truth in the viewpoint of the rural denizen to balance the truth that large cities provide remarkable educational and cultural opportunities and that life within them confers many benefits. Of course it is in human nature for the inhabitants of large cities to think that the rest of the world must revolve around their own particular town. This is noticeably so in New York. And, as has been frequently and truly said, the New York viewpoint is often extremely provincial for that very reason.

Recently New York has come rather to fancy itself as a "hub of culture". And, even as of old there were the much caricatured "city folks", with their artificialities and fripperies, who provided amusement for the provinces,—so today there is a growing class of what may, for lack of a better term, be labelled "city books", books that cause quite a flurry of comment in Manhattan but penetrate the rest of the country scarcely at all. New Yorkers who pride themselves on keeping abreast of literature have always three or four titles of books about which to rattle glibly enough. They are among the "latest" books, of course. They are "so clever" or "so brilliant" or so what-not. A knowledge of them is essential to the smartest table-talk. And they remain almost entirely for urban and suburban consumption.

Meanwhile the provinces go on stodgily reading those best-sellers that we ourselves find so dull and in which they perceive the simple elements they can understand. They are the unsophisticates and they turn to the unsophisticated. And probably they have come to pride themselves upon their sturdy attitude toward "city books", even as they used to regard it as stalwart to deride the foolishnesses of "city folks".

* * *

Whose side are we taking? We are not taking either side. The City reads its own particular kind of trash and the Country ruminates its own particular brand of rubbish. The average reading either of City or Country is subject to many criticisms, even if, in each case, these criticisms are not the same. The City contains more sophisticates bored by simple annals. And yet, in the present Day of Grace we should find it harder to corroborate that statement than formerly. Sales of certain books quite certainly sophisticated and quite certainly of high artistic merit point to widespread distribution. The Country, in other words, is beginning to look into what the City reads. No longer is it merely content to gibe. And, by the same token, we have seen signs of late of metropolitan critics taking quite seriously certain of the Country's favorite authors, or, at least, examining them with a certain respect they felt due the choice of the multitude.

It will be a long time, of course, before the really yokelish mind looks upon cultivation as anything more than sheer snobbery and "putting on airs". And it will be some time before the type at the opposite extreme, the rather cheap "city feller", sees anything but "hick stuff" in a straightforward story written, perhaps, with an admirable simplicity. But in between these types, these living and breathing caricatures, the general public —in City or Country—is developing discrimination and an appreciation of each domain's literary standards.

Of course Literature has nothing to do either

(*Continued on page* 192)

The Leavetaking

By EDWARD DAVISON

THE sun goes down beyond the purple fell,
A wind has blown the lark into a cloud,
One backward look will serve to say farewell
To the dark valley that my fathers ploughed.

The house they built is empty. I must go
Over the twilit moorland till I find
The breast of eve, where I may learn to know
What thing it is that gives men peace of mind.

The last light trembles in the farther air;
This is the night, the hour I dare not lose:
A hand has beckoned me, I know not where,
A voice has spoken, but I know not whose.

This Week

"Dark Laughter." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby*.

"The Kenworthys." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins*.

"Bread Givers." Reviewed by *Johan J. Smertenko*.

"Colin II," and "Coral." Reviewed by *H. W. Boynton*.

"Advertising Elements and Principles." Reviewed by *Earnest Elmo Calkins*.

"Rarebit." By *Wilson Follett*.

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley*.

"America and World Peace." Reviewed by *Hamilton Holt*.

"The Rural Home." Reviewed by the late *Herbert Quick*.

Two Books on the Orient. Reviewed by *Sydney Greenbie*.

Next Week

Fall Book Number

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Tohu and Bohu

By ELMER DAVIS

IF you believe the textbook on geology prescribed for the schools of Tennessee, the earth prior to nine o'clock in the morning of September 21, 4004 B.C., was without form and void. If you believe T.S. Eliot, William Gerhardi, Aldous Huxley, Rose Macaulay, and numerous other highly esteemed writers of these times, it is still, or perhaps again. Life is meaningless, effort is futile, the perceptible phenomena of existence have no interrelation; all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

I am far from denying it. I do not pretend to discern any unifying or arranging principle in the data of experience, and while in my quality of member of the human race I am depressed by the thought that after 5,929 years we have got nowhere except back to the starting point, I hope I do not allow the local patriotism of a resident of this planet to blind me to the facts. I merely argue that if life is without form and void, it does not necessarily follow that the novels that mirror life must also be without form and void.

Why not? Well, suppose life is chaos—full of sound and fury, as Miss Rose Macaulay tells us, signifying nothing. Whatever life may be, two dollars is two dollars. At this writing two dollars will buy a current novel or a quart of passable kitchen-stove gin. And persons who live by selling the books they write are obviously interested in persuading the customers to spend their two dollarses for a novel rather than for gin. The manufacturing novelist starts this commercial competition with one great advantage over the bootlegger—he knows, as a rule, the charms of the rival attraction. He knows what the consumer gets out of gin. How, then, is he to persuade him to buy a novel instead? Obviously by meeting the needs of the trade; and because they fail to do this novelists of the Chaotic School are working infinite harm to the interest of the industry at large.

What are the needs of the trade? What does the average citizen [illegible] he has perceived that life [illegible] the earth is without [illegible]ing can be done [illegible]y sense at all he wants to [illegible] wants something which will give him a sense of order, even fictitious order; a meaning which he can enjoy even though he knows, or will know when he sobers up, that this meaning is wholly artificial. He wants to see life as an arrangement of some symmetry and significance, with himself occupying a dignified position in that arrangement. He can get exactly this gratification if he spends his two dollars for gin, but it becomes increasingly difficult for him to get it out of the contemporary novel.

And it is the novelists who perceive the pointlessness of life most clearly who most stubbornly refuse to give the customers any relief. As a working novelist who would have to work at some less agreeable trade if nobody bought novels, I resent a book like Mr. Gerhardi's "Polyglots" as treason to the working class. It is a deadly blow at the goose that lays the golden eggs. If the customers on whom Mr. Gerhardi and I depend for our living are going to find in fiction only the futility and chaos that they have already found, and must keep on finding, in life, they will spend their money for gin, and get from gin the illusion that art was once supposed to furnish.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I speak as a consumer, quite as much as a producer. In the past year I have read perhaps eighty novels. Out of four of them I got my money's worth, or more. (If their identity is relevant to the argument, they were "The Constant Nymph," "Some Do Not," "Arrowsmith," and "Mrs. Mason's Daughters," in the order given.) Perhaps half a dozen others were worth the time spent in reading them. As for the rest, the money they cost me at the circulating library would have bought almost a case of gin; and the gin would have veiled life with a roseate mist, would have endowed its phenomena with unnatural magnitude and factitious importance—would have done, in other words, exactly what art ought to do, and must do if artists expect to make a living out of it.

Why have the novelists surrendered their proper function to the bootleggers? Or, on the other hand, why shouldn't they? The answer to those questions involves some of the elementary metaphysics of art—so elementary that it ought to be taught to students in the first grade, so elementary that there would be no excuse for mentioning it here if it were not for the obvious fact that this ancient lesson has been forgotten, or never learned at all, by some of the most highly esteemed of modern authors.

Whatever you may think of the Futilitarian novelists as artists, biologically they are degenerates. They have gone shamelessly back to the Stone Age. For so life must have appeared to the first men who speculated about it at all—futility and chaos, without form and void. And the reason we are not living in the Stone Age at present is that the natural tendency of most men, confronted with inexplicable chaos, is to try to explain it none the less—to read into it some sort of order, to cling to that order till it is plainly seen to be untenable, and then to invent some other order more nearly in accord with the evidence.

The first order, naturally, is a crude primitive animism. Every object of sense perception has in it some latent power of evil. Some of the Futilitarians have risen that far, which is at least one step above the primitive chaos, but none of them have gone any farther. And one cannot help feeling that there is more hope for the devil worshippers who see in the faults of our age the workings of certain Wicked Old Men at Versailles than for the reactionary Chaotics who cling to their dogma of the emptiness of everything as stubbornly (and, one suspects, as fearfully) as the late Mr. Bryan clung to Jonah and the Whale.

But, says your Futilitarian, we must Face the Facts. We must Tell the Truth. For an adequate answer to that one need go no farther than that much underrated gentleman, the late Pontius Pilate. "What is Truth?" he asked, and stayed not for an answer. If he had, he would be waiting yet. Personally, I am inclined to provisional agreement with the metaphysics of the Futilitarians. So far as I can see, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. But I am not convinced that I have attain
truth, ever
Eliot happ
Granted
plicable, it is possible that we do not see all of it. The freaks of lightning were chaotic and inexplicable for a long time, and a human race which is (or was then) addicted to provisional explanation ascribed them to the caprices of a god. So even otherwise enlightened persons were till lately inclined to ascribe the freaks of sexual attraction, yet it seems highly probable that before long the laws of sexual attraction will be at least as well known as the laws of electricity are now (if indeed they are not a subdivision of the same subject). So in other matters. Mr. Woodward in "Lottery" has suggested that what we call crazy luck is perhaps merely the working of a natural law as yet undiscovered; that an attraction for undeserved material good fortune may be as much a part of a man's chemical constitution as an attraction for undeserved women.

So possibly the gentlemen who urge us to Face the Facts are not yet facing all the facts; which would make a difference. Perhaps they are not even facing all the facts that are perceptible now. The ancient metaphysicians held that the universe is not a chaos but an arrangement, even if unsatisfactory and incomplete, of indiscriminate matter; and the modern physicists have returned to the same point of view. For a little while in ancient times, philosophy and science and art and religion (the religion of intelligent men, at least, if not popular religion) were at one in this view. So far it is quite possible that the ancients were right. Greek philosophy failed on its political side, because it was keyed to the city state which was washed off the map by the Macedonian conquests; and political failure shattered the whole system and diverted philosophy into the channel of personal ethics where it dried into the ground. But the cosmology of the later Greeks bears an amazing resemblance to the cosmology of the physicists of today, and the religion of intelligent men of our time is not so very different from the religion of Plato. Somebody or Something (take your choice according to taste) has started the business of arranging; the modern God is arranging still, even though he is apt to find his material a little too much for him. And the artist, seeing that arrangement is in fashion, thinks it no robbery to be equal with God to this extent.

But not the Futilitarians. Science and philosophy and religion may be coming to agreement once more; but if they have their way art must stand off in splendid isolation, clinging with fanatical zeal to the dogma of the meaningless life. In plain language, that is intellectual suicide; a deliberate rejection of all human progress, a deliberate return to the cave, if not to the treetops.

But this after all is matter for the metaphysician rather than the artist. The question which concerns the artist more directly, both as creator and as producer for the trade, is what is to be gained by facing the facts even assuming that they are as stated. Possibly life is mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. What of it? The Chaotics themselves will tell you that no profit is to be gained by facing such facts as these; nor is there much pleasure either. Few of us are so perverse as to get any hilarious delight out of prolonged contemplation of chaos. If there is no unifying principle, one must be invented for our own amusement—and secondarily for the amusement of the customers whose money enables the artist to live at his trade instead of selling gents' furnishings. Our unifying principle may be as mistaken as the conclusions of Thales or Heraclitus, but like them it will serve its purpose—which is to give temporary satisfaction to its inventor, and to persons who would rather listen to his entertaining inventions, even if they have to pay for them, than contemplate the chaos which anybody can see for himself.

* * *

Returning to Mr. Gerhardi, from whose latest novel I went away sorrowing, for he has great possessions if he would only use them. He owes his success, I believe, to the praise of Mrs. Wharton, who found in his earlier novel, "Futility," the first account of Russians which was comprehensible to her. She found the explanation in the fact that Mr. Gerhardi, being half Russian and half European, was able to function as a Mediator between the two worlds, a sort of Logos
rranging the ineffable mysteries of the Russian
ul into a pattern comprehensible to men. Unortunately Mr. Gerhardi's second novel lends a good deal of support to the heresies of the Monophysites, if not of the Gnostics. There is only one nature in him, one gathers from "The "Polyglots," and that is Russian. All the rest is mere phantasm.

So Mr. Gerhardi, having found that in the life of Eastern Siberia in 1919 all was vanity and vexation of spirit, sets it down exactly as he saw it. Now one may grant that this was a peculiarly aggravated form of chaos, though ultimately it did work out into a sort of order. But even if Mr. Gerhardi saw no patterns in it, if his Russian soul derived an unnatural pleasure from its pointlessness, it was hardly fair to assume that this pleasure would be shared by non-Russian readers. The Russian literature that is read abroad has some sort of pattern. It may be a loose pattern as in Tolstoy, a close pattern as in Turgeniev, even an accidental pattern as in Artzibashev's "Breaking Point," where that endless succession of suicides made a magnificent farce for Western readers out of something that probably seemed tragic to the Russians. But a pattern there must be.

There are Russians, after all, who protest that Russia is not the Great Incomprehensible. Whether they are right or not, there is or has been something in Russia besides formless laxity. The organized aggressive Russia of Nicholas I and Skobelov and the Treaty of San Stefano, which had all Europe scared, was as real in its day as the chaotic Russia of Artzibashev and Kerensky. And even in the chaos of revolutionary Russia a creative artist was able to impose his own order.

All literature, as Mr. Cabell and others have reminded us, is ultimately literature of escape—escape for the artist, and, if he is lucky, for his readers too. But our Futilitarians seem to have no desire to escape from the sticky chaos around them; they love to wallow in it, and paleontology suggests that this is a very perilous occupation for any of the larger mammals. The species that wallowed are the species whose bones are now on display in the Museum on Central Park West; the species that still survive, notably the species known as *Homo Sapiens* which contemplates the evidence of paleontology (none too sapiently in the case of the Chaotic novelists) are the species which had energy enough to try to bring order out of chaos, or sense enough, failing that, to seek an escape.

We live in an age of distintegration, but only inexcusable ignorance of history can account for the impression that it is the first of its kind. It is the sixth major period of disintegration in recorded European history; and the record of the five preceding ages teaches that the chaos succeeding the breakup of old patterns is inevitably followed by the formation of new patterns. That the artist can occasionally help in that process is suggested by one of the classic instances of the literature of escape, St. Augustine's "City of God."

The age which Augustine contemplated was quite as appallingly chaotic as that which has come under the observation of Miss Rose Macaulay or Mr. Aldous Huxley. Rome had fallen, the world was breaking up; even as Augustine wrote the Vandals were at the gate. In that situation Augustine reacted instinctively as the true artist will always react; he sought a pattern, and finding none in the mass of external phenomena he rolled his own. He evolved an order out of his own consciousness, and this pattern, a work of the creative imagination forced by the need to escape from unendurable reality, served very largely as the model on which Europe was ultimately reorganized in a new order which endured for centuries. It can be argued that Augustine did more lasting harm to the human race than all the Goths and Vandals who ever looted a palace or stormed a wall; but that is beside the point. Augustine is an instance of man fighting instead of surrendering, fighting his way upward. Not very far up as yet? Perhaps not; but do our Futilitarians really wish that *Homo Sapiens* had gone the way of *Eoanthropus?*

It may perhaps offend the pious to turn from St. Augustine to M. Paul Morand, but M. Morand is so much a child of his time that his difference from Messrs. Huxley and Gerhardi may be instructive. It is no doubt fundamentally a racial difference. M. Morand is a Frenchman, a member of an orderly race. He sees life as sound and fury signifying nothing very much, but he is unable to refrain from establishing certain axes of reference, curious though they may be. M. Morand, in fact, bears some resemblance to Herodotus, who in his travelogues gave much space to some peoples and little to others, but always mentioned two items about every nation he described—its religious ritual and its amatory technique. M. Morand is fortunate enough to live in a world whose outward religious observances are substantially uniform, so he saves that much space; and if his point of view seems unnecessarily simplified, it is at least a point of view. Consider what Mr. Huxley or Mr. Gerhardi would have made out of such a story as "Les Plaisirs Rhenans."

It would be going too far to suggest that chaos lies not in the material but in the soul of the artist. The point is that order, if there be any, lies, and always has lain, and must always lie, in the soul of the artist, whether it be the soul of a Great Architect of the Universe or of a practising fictioneer. And the practising fictioneer has somewhat more of a practical need for seeing an order, or in default of that pretending to see one—it makes little difference which, for his sake or that of his customers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Woman Takes

DARK LAUGHTER. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

AND why *dark* laughter?—Because white laughter, civilized laughter, is for a world that we have made painfully for ourselves out of labor and reason and illusion and hope, where laws count more than men and order is expected and success is measured by the respect of society; it is for the white, the artificial world of civilization. But down on the levee the brown people laugh when they are happy, not asking why, the women take when they can, the brown men do not speculate upon desire. Dark laughter wells up through the white world, mocking convention and ambition and justice.

"Dark Laughter" is not a story of negroes. They are a chorus only, and to say that they understand the significance of what happens as we, the readers understand, is too much; they feel what must happen, and their laughter mounts. It is the story of a white man, and a white woman. Bruce Dudley, the man, is the hero of the recent "A Story Teller's Story" on his way further into life, and he is perhaps as much and as little Sherwood Anderson himself as the hero of that supposed autobiography. Bruce Dudley is an American type which, thanks to Anderson, is beginning to have a literary existence, the spoiled child of industrialism, longing to create with his brain or with his hands, but balked by a country that asks for neither sound handling of tools nor true words. And Bruce leaves his newspaper and his short-story writing wife and goes drifting down the river, scarcely knowing what he wants, unless it is to see what life is really like and put it into poetry. And while he speculates, he paints carriage wheels in a factory beside Sponge Martin, who is the natural instinctive man, enjoying the skill of his hands, enjoying his wife, chuckling over the salt reality of life.

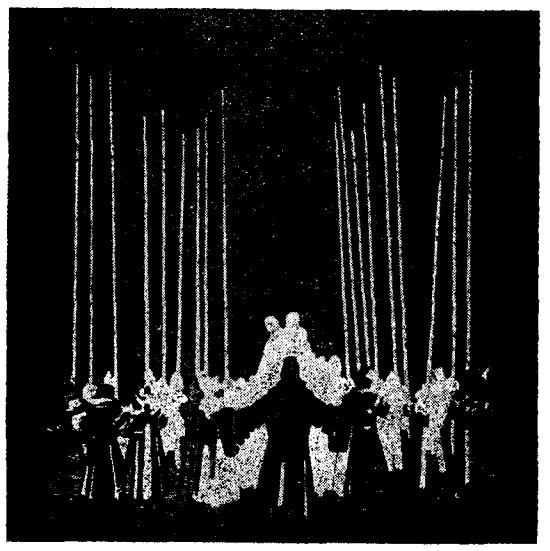
Art eludes Bruce because he thinks too much about it, but not love. He is not seeking women, yet a woman takes him. Aline Grey is also half wakened to some reality she has not reached. In Paris, when the shock of a sexual experience had made her ready, she took a too white American, who thought of the right kind of women as angels climbing above the turrets of Notre Dame. Fred Grey wanted affection, comfort, while he pushed ahead with the business of America. He thought he had married a nice girl from good people. Venus did not enter into his ideal of married life.

And so Aline, the fastidious, proper wife, stood waiting in her garden at home in America, saving herself for something, hardly knowing what. When she sees Bruce, a workman in her husband's factory, her instincts know that he is the man; she takes him slowly, directly, ruthlessly, her reason scarcely troubling to follow the path of her emotions. Her first child is his, and her husband does not dare to guess that her kindness after so long is because she has found elsewhere a lover. Then they are off together leaving respectability, prudence, justice behind, and a too white American with ideals pathetically shattered who should be heroically raging, but who pleads and weeps. The negro servants are coming home after the flight. There is dark, understanding laughter.

Sherwood Anderson is not an adept in civilization. The culture we have so laboriously made for ourselves, the nuances, the restraints, the rational purposes that make it impossible for man to become again beast do not interest him because they seem artificial, as of course they are. He is as insensitive to high comedy, to sophistication, to the play of pure intellect as a ballad maker to *rondeaux* and sonnets. In American literature he is opposite to the metaphysical Emerson, the moral Howells, the crafty Hergesheimer, and very different from his nearest of kin, the homely philosopher, Mark Twain. His imagination is engaged by the instinctive emotions, and in this concentration he is more penetrating, and more profound than any contemporary writer in this country, or in England for that matter, with the possible exception of D. H. Lawrence. It is the world of dark laughter only, but he carries us so far into its dangerous marches that he will have to be reckoned with as one of the pioneers of the imagination.

All his books are to be defined in terms of this piercing vision of the underworld of the emotions. They are always significant, they are often diffuse, inchoate, uneven, for it is only with those characters (like Aline in this book) where the life of the instincts is the chief significance, that his figures emerge from the fog of incident and question. His men are usually seekers, and what they do and what they long for is much more important than what they are at the moment. Or they are portraits of the uninstinctive (Fred Grey is an example) as cruel and as illuminating as a Sargent picture, but unfair as a tirade against an ascetic for not being a perfect lover. America is not like this Indiana town in the book where all are shadows prattling of progress and respectability, except salty Sponge Martin and his salty wife, Bruce Dudley seeking what will satisfy his soul, Aline Grey waking to seize a lover, and the darkies living richly and not thinking at all. Neither was London like "Vanity Fair," nor England like Lilliput, nor Italy like the Parma of Stendhal. A novelist, does only what he can, and unless he is a Dostoievsky or a Balzac, this is what he narrowly sees. Anderson sees uncannily in the half lights of subterranean passions which unmake us if we do not use them. There are more themes than the refinement of its civilization in modern society. Also it is impossible to discover in Anderson that didactic intent to prove that what he sees is a rule for conduct which makes the ethics of so much modern fiction objectionable. Anderson is all artist, and if the mention of secret things offend the taste it is the fact, not the purpose or the way, which will be offensive. "Dark Laughter" is intimate to the last extreme but it is too profound to raise the question of indecency.

And "Dark Laughter" proves that Anderson can plan and carry through the organism of a novel, a point which has been in doubt. I say "can," not the unqualified "does", because the first half of this book is just an added chapter in "A Story Teller's Story," but more diffuse and circulatory. One never seems to get beyond the constantly recurring moment and sentence, "Saturday evening and Bruce walking out at the shop door with Sponge." This repetition of theme and phrase, a useful device, has become a mannerism with Anderson. The second part of the novel, with the entrance of Aline, marches on and up until the last chapters are drama, a rocket soaring from wavering fires. Here too is introspection, recurrence, brooding, but directed, organized. No one who reads this book will doubt that Sherwood Anderson's art has scope when he can see through to the end in the dim world where his imagination wanders.



THE CENCI, ACT IV, SCENE IV
The Arrest of Beatrice
From "Drawings for the Theatre,"
Robert Edmond Jones (Theatre Arts)

The Woman Gives

THE KENWORTHYS. By MARGARET WILSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

EVEN those who admired "The Able McLaughlins" most felt that this tale of the Western frontier, perhaps half invented and half given to the author by family or neighborhood legend, might remain her sole achievement; that she had one good book in her and no more. That apprehension is dispelled by her second novel, which shows that she has the unquestionable ability to create character and set a vividly-realized action before her readers. It indicates, too, that her work is likely to be demarcated from other current fiction by certain traits common to both these books, notably a strong emphasis on ethical principles. "The Kenworthys" is not so striking a novel as "The Able McLaughlins", chiefly because its setting and characters are far less fresh and unusual. Instead of a rugged group of Scotch farmers transplanted to the Iowa frontier, we have ordinary American folk of the Middle West of today. But if not a work of high distinction, it shows that Miss Wilson is to be counted a permanent addition to our list of novelists.

This is essentially the story of a good and strong woman, just as in one light "The Able McLaughlins" was the story of a young man strong enough to marry a "ruined" girl and good enough to forgive the loafer who had betrayed her. Emily Fiske learns early in life how bitter an ordeal it may be for a woman to lie in the bed she has made for herself. She has married Bob Kenworthy, a good-looking, clumsy, affectionate young man of her little town, and has found that he is utterly unworthy. He cannot make a decent living, so that they gravitate from one wretched home to another still more squalid. He is lazy and selfish, and she sickens of his shirt-sleeve untidiness. Worst of all, he is dishonest, and the gossip of the town finally reveals to her that he has embezzled part of her aunt's property. She has every reason, as the world regards such problems, to leave him. The temptation becomes almost overwhelming when she realizes that she is in love with Bob's brother Jim, and that Jim is in love with her.

Yet Emily's character is too strong not to thrust aside the temptation. She realizes that to abandon the childlike and affectionate Bob, who clings to her so confidently, would be an act of harsh cruelty; she shrinks from the crude selfishness of throwing an unsuccessful brother over for a successful one; and she feels Jim's own delicate scruples. They keep courageously apart, and Emily—aided by some inherited money—makes the best of Bob's home. The latter half of the book is devoted to a demonstration of the fact that she has her reward. It comes in an unexpected form. Jim, who has made an early marriage with an unprincipled and domineering society woman in Chicago, a marriage that quickly came to shipwreck, has been left with a young son of whom he has the custody six weeks in each year. This son, Bronson, descends upon the Kenworthy home in the Middle West for one of his annual sojourns. He is an appalling example of adolescent savagery. In fact, he is almost incredible in his rudeness, violence, and general hatefulness. He is filled with suspicion for all men and contempt for all women; he detests and despises his mother, and no tutor has ever been able to manage him. Jim Kenworthy, staying with Bob and Emily as he convalesces from an illness, is filled with despair as he watches his barbaric son. And then Emily shows that she can control and reform the lad.

With the story of her success in taming Bronson, teaching him to confide in her and to accept his father's comradeship, making him a real member of the Kenworthy family, the book rises to its climax. The tragedy of Jim's life is his physical and spiritual separation from his son. Her best service to Jim is in bringing them together, and it was her goodness and strength—the qualities that made her refuse to leave Bob for Jim—that gave her the needful influence over the boy. The end of the story brings a complication of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troubles and final disaster to both Jim and Bronson, but it is disaster sweetened by the union she has effected.

This brief outline will suggest that Miss Wilson's book, with its many fine qualities, has two salient faults. It is defective in construction, lacking an essential degree of unity. The interest in the first third of the novel centres in the Triangle presented by Bob, Emily, and Jim. Then the reader finds this theme disappearing abruptly, and in its stead rising the theme of the redemption of wild young Bronson Kenworthy. Emily is the character upon whom the reader's attention is focused for the first 150 pages; then Bronson, previously unheard of, becomes the protagonist. Only in the final pages is an effort made to knit the two themes into one as they might have been consistently knit. The second evident fault is the obtrusiveness of the moral lessons which Miss Wilson wishes to enforce. The best aid which art can render the cardinal virtues is a somewhat more subtle aid. Miss Wilson rightly wishes her work to have ethical significance, but it is an error to let the reader perceive the fact. Nevertheless, the novel leaves an impression of genuine fineness of thought and feeling which it is refreshing to meet in present-day fiction; while its evidence that Miss Wilson has real gifts of imagination and observation is pleasant after the meteoric fall of most $2000 prize-winners.

From the Ghetto Depths

BREAD GIVERS. By ANZIA YEZIERSKA. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

A CERTAIN measure of achievement there is in this new novel of Mrs. Yezierska's: complete and colorful personalities live in it; strange, sordid scenes from the Ghetto depths are vividly depicted here; and the fierce vitality of the author seethes through its pages. But this unharnessed and little directed vitality is the author's undoing.

Like a canoe in the rapids, the frail bark, creative genius, is dented again and again by rocks that may easily be avoided in a quieter current. And Mrs. Yezierska has heedlessly ignored her light craft and her inadequate equipment and trusted herself to the mercy of the foamiest torrent. For she is unmistakably a writer for whom the much abused phrase, *furor scribendi*, seems to have been coined expressly. In fact, I imagine that a certain fury characterizes all her actions and that writing is but one of the manifestations of her superabundant and sweeping virility.

It is obvious that she shares the passionately egocentric attitude evinced by her heroine, Sara, who considers physical training courses at the University an injustice because she earns her way through college by working in a laundry, who startles the bursar out of his wits by asking for a refund of tuition fees on the grounds that she had "paid to learn, not to fail", and who is always amazed and angered when her sudden, unsolicited overtures of love are rather impatiently rejected by the objects of her fugitive affection. Equally evident is the fact that, like Sara, our author is the victim of a purely personal morality which is governed neither by code nor by logic but by the particular circumstance. Hence, while the actual incidents portrayed are in every sense kaleidoscopic, the spiritual pattern is a labyrinth; and while the individual parts of the story are probably honest transcriptions of experiences, the entire work is not a true representation of Ghetto life.

In the primary matter of dialogue, for instance, Mrs. Yezierska fails utterly. Sara, the college graduate and winner of an essay prize, is telling her own story, but for three-quarters of the book she uses the idiom of an ignorant shop girl; that is, she reproduces the involved and ungrammatical sentence structure. She does not even attempt the use of phonetics by which Milt Gross achieves so skilfully the accent and inflection that characterize the English dialect of the Jewish people. Moreover, there is no diversity in the speech of different characters. Sara's father and mother undoubtedly speak Yiddish and speak it correctly, yet their talk, instead of being translated, is represented by the patois that is attributed to the others.

There is other evidence that Mrs. Yezierska was moved to write this novel before she had thoroughly apprehended its problems. She is concerned with "the slice of life" not with life in the round; she plays all her notes *fortissimo* and in a frantic tempo with the inevitable loss of emphasis and shading. In closing my review of "Salome of the Tenements" I quoted some French philosopher to the effect that *la vérité est dans une nuance*. It is as appropriate to sum up the criticism of "Bread Givers" in the phrase, *il y a des nuances dans la vérité*.

A Conclusion and a Sequel

COLIN II. By E. F. BENSON. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.

CORAL, A SEQUEL TO "CARNIVAL." By COMPTON MACKENZIE. The same.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

TWO years ago appeared Mr. Benson's "Colin," with a preface announcing that the narrative would be completed in a later volume. Therefore, says a new note, "Colin II must not be regarded as a sequel to 'Colin,' but as the second half of that romance." We are not to take it as an afterthought. It is a tale of demoniac possession. The first Earl of Yardley was a handsome yokel who made Faust's contract with the Devil, became a darling of Queen Elizabeth, and was by her made Earl and endowed with a great estate. His bargain (duly signed in his own blood) is fulfilled. The Devil gives him material prosperity in return for worship and service. The Earl even practices the blasphemous rites of the Black Mass, and plans to raise a chapel to his master's honor. In every generation of his descendants there is found one to renew the bargain. The Colin of our story is the physical and spiritual counterpart of Elizabeth's Colin; radiant in beauty, and utterly committed to the worship of evil.

The first part of "Colin" told how the youth grew up, married, and by the accidental death of his elder brother, came into his great inheritance. Here the tale is taken up some years later. The young Earl is in his prime. He has great surface charm which he deliberately employs for his purposes. The only thing he fears is love. Very soon after her marriage, his young wife has discovered his true character: or rather, has discovered that there is more in him to fear than to love. Yet she still loves him, sure that there must be some secret goodness in him to have aroused her love. He treats her with mockery, when they are together; to her alone shows himself freely as a servant of hate and evil. Their one child, Dennis, much resembles Colin in body, but has his mother's nature. What ensues is a conflict between Colin's will to hate, and the natural love that stirs in him for his son. In the end the victory goes to love, and we are to suppose that the long devil-service of the house of Yardley is at an end.

A difficult theme for any story-teller, most difficult for one of Mr. Benson's light satiric bent. He says in his prefatory note: "The interval between the appearance of the two books has been longer than I anticipated, for I was not aware of the difficulties that lay ahead." The narrative bears signs of scrupulous and even painful effort. Indeed, this is matter for a Hawthorne or at very least a Powys. Mr. Benson could not fail ignominiously at anything. But he could hardly attempt a much less hopeful enterprise than the present one. The witty purveyor of social comedy cannot muster for this occasion a deep-going fancy or a sustained and stately manner. The story of Colin is, you may say, frank romance; but it is romance which just fails to convey the necessary if fleeting illusion of reality. Colin and Violet and Dennis never get to be more than brilliant figures of the theatre.

The subtitle presents Compton Mackenzie's "Coral" as "A Sequel to 'Carnival'." A new generation of novel-readers may need introduction to "Carnival;" it was published in 1912. They should bear this in mind as they read "Coral," which might well belong to that same period. It tells how the maiden gently bred marries the chauffeur, and thereafter knuckles under to him so thoroughly and as it were voluptuously, that he is won in the end to become as decent to her as a cad can be. For a cad he was, is, and ever will be. The theme of mismarriage between the classes has always been an important one for British novelists. Can such marriages be happy? The extreme negative is argued in novels like W. L. George's "The Strangers' Marriage." The affirmative is held, by main force, in "Coral." It is a sort of Patient Griselda with the parts reversed: or you may say it is the case of the base-born page and the lady of high degree. Only in this instance the lady stoops to conquer, abases herself before the conceited and overbearing cockney she has married, and is at last rewarded by his condescending love. 1912 model, unmistakably!

There is an interesting contrast in Howells's treatment (not typically American, perhaps) of the situation in "Silas Lapham". Penelope Lapham and her husband Tom Corey truly love each other and are in most ways rightly mated, but the bar of breeding lies between them. She can never quite belong to his people, or he to hers. The whole problem is delicately handled and left, as it must be, for Howells, unsolved by any romantic formula. By comparison, the Mackenzie method is an almost brutal laying-on of the Victorian trowel.

City and Country

(*Continued from Page* 190)

with City or Country,—and, also, has everything to do. The great book is written for the human being who can at least appreciate greatness in art. And he may live anywhere. He is not more likely to discover the work for himself, if he is urban, except insofar as he is the more aided by more intensive advertising all around him and the greater opportunity to purchase books. And, even so, there are few communities today, in the United States, so out of touch with what is being published that rumors do not reach them swiftly.

Often when the City is priding itself upon the new "smart" novelist it has discovered, the Country is reading work of far more pith. And, *vice versa*, when the City is taking up a really good book the Country is just as apt to be wallowing in logy sentimentalism. In the large cities appear the reviews of the best books and of the worst. But the Country is able to read the reviews as soon as they are printed. Frequently they do. The Country, in its non-communicative way, is absorbing culture.

In the end, the fact that life in the Country is less hectic and artificial than in the City will bring a healthy element into our criticism, when the Country chooses to sharpen its intelligence and get over being afraid of the mere word "literature", except as applied to publicity material. The "city book" may, after all, as well be a book for the whole nation to enjoy as a mere ephemerid for sophisticates.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by Time, Inc., Briton Hadden, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President, Henry R. Luce, Secretary-Treasurer, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. Editorial offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 11.
Copyright, 1925, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advertising As An Art

ADVERTISING: ELEMENTS AND PRINCIPLES. By GEORGE H. SHELDON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

EVERY publisher seems determined to bring out a book on advertising. The one before me is Harcourt, Brace's contribution to that rapidly growing shelf which already exceeds the linear measurement set by Dr. Eliot for the world's literature. Its author is head of a successful New York advertising agency, and connected with Columbia University extension department. Books on advertising fall into two distinct classes, those of a general nature covering the whole theory and practice of the profession, and those which are intensive inquiries into one specific subdivision of the subject, such as copy or typography or research. Mr. Sheldon's book belongs in the first category, and is the latest of a long series of such works, by different authors, all covering the same ground in the same way. The accepted plan is to begin with a definition of advertising, followed by a brief history of its development, and then devote a chapter each to the major actors in the trilogy of business, the national advertiser, the local advertiser, and the advertising agent (with his picturesque staff of account handlers, contact men, copy chiefs, and art directors), followed by chapters describing the mediums (magazines, newspapers, street car cards, and poster boards, the tools with which advertising works) supplemented by further chapters on the mechanical processes by which advertising is made visible (lithography, printing, stereotyping, and engraving) the whole interspersed with wise saws and modern instances.

* * *

The present book is one of the best of its kind, not only because it is the latest and had, therefore, a larger body of material on which to draw, but because its author is a lucid and entertaining writer, able to make his story interesting, even to laymen with no other interest in advertising than curiosity. His intentions are modest. In his preface he says the book is for "the beginner who has just begun to carve out a career in advertising, and for those concluding their collegiate years with a preliminary study of this broad and fascinating subject." It is more than that. So assiduous has he been in collecting those field stories of actual experience which are to advertising what court decisions are to law that even the seasoned contact man may read the book with profit, and thus add to the number of those anecdotes with which he regales a wavering and faint-hearted prospect. Moreover, the author has been generous in quoting statistical and other tables of classified information about mediums and market, so that the work may well serve as an emergency reference book when far from the original reservoirs of such material.

The book suggests a thought-provoking picture, as all such books do, of the place advertising occupies in our latter-day civilization, the amount of it, the vast sums spent for it, its multifarious activities, the purposes for which it is used, and particularly of the lordly way in which it summons to the aid of business the services of all the arts and sciences—the psychologists, economists, behaviorists, chemists, and engineers on one hand, and the writers, artists, decorators, designers, and stage managers on the other, one group to analyze, investigate, test, and classify the facts about goods and markets, the other to visualize, dramatize, and stage the presentation of whatever message the facts indicate.

* * *

The confident belief that advertising will be served is confirmed by a recent interesting happening, too recent to be considered in Mr. Sheldon's book as it undoubtedly would have been, which, if it follows the usual course of such innovations, will soon render a new book on advertising of something more than academic interest to the readers of *The Saturday Review*. This is the advent of Literature—with a large L—into the realm of business. Hitherto the signed advertisement has been the work of some publicist, who might or might not have a reputation as a writer, of which the late Elbert Hubbard is a good example. The advertisements that Will Rogers is writing for Bull Durham belong in this class. But we are now invited to view the spectacle of a real writer, a man with a sound and deserved literary reputation, devoting his art to the preparation of advertising copy. More than that, the series that Irvin Cobb is writing for Sweet Caporal cigarettes is real advertising, which Will Roger's stuff is not. And hard upon this news comes the announcement from the manager of a literary syndicate named Wish—Wish was father of the thought, no doubt—that he is prepared to furnish for advertising work the following writers: Rex Beach, Gelett Burgess, Ellis Parker Butler, Irvin S. Cobb, James H. Collins, Howard R. Garis, Sam Hellman, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Grantland Rice, and Carolyn Wells. At this point the temptation to abandon Mr. Sheldon and his book and follow the speculations this new development awakens, becomes well nigh irresistible.

* * *

Resisting it, as we are in duty bound to do, it remains to be said that the hope expressed by Mr. Sheldon in his preface, that the trained advertising man will find occasion to disagree with him violently, shows little likelihood of being realized. He has stuck too consistently to the beaten track to start a controversy. At all debatable points, and the practice of advertising offers many, he has contented himself with a fair statement of both sides of the question, leaving the issue exactly where it was before, which of course was the proper thing to do in a book of this kind. And so the trained advertising man will find the book a clear and well arranged statement of advertising as it is—rather than as it may, might, could, or should be. He will find nothing to disagree with violently, but some things to dissent from mildly. He may wonder why, in the rather enthusiastic chapter presenting the street car card as an advertising medium, the author omitted to record that this is the only important medium which refuses to coöperate with advertising agents or pay them a commission. He may wonder why, in the excellent chapter on color, the author has omitted from his list of advantages, the greatest of all, that of giving food an appetizing appeal by means of realistic still life paintings. And he will be astonished that, in the otherwise admirable chapter on typography, the author has given so much space, or any space, to the absurd findings of Professor Poffenberger into the effect that certain type faces have on men and women. These experiments, the usual classroom psychology tests, show, among other surprising results, that the type face known as Globe Gothic Bold is the one to use in advertising coffee to men, but not to women. For them you should use Masterman. Other tests show that the message of Globe Gothic Bold is strength. The inference is that women like their coffee weak. Further, Globe Gothic Bold says motor cars to women, but not to men, and Antique Bold expresses cheapness in building materials to both men and women. Be sure no sane advertising man takes seriously these classroom diversions. Mr. Sheldon mentions with appreciation the late Benjamin Sherbow, but seems unaware of his remarkable little book, "Type Can Suggest", on this very subject, in which he points out the character type indubitably has and how to use it intelligently in advertising printing.

But such things are incidental. No one can read this book without obtaining a clear and comprehensive idea of what advertising is, how it is practiced, and the names and duties of those who practice it. It is copiously illustrated with examples from the best shops. It is admirably documented, and in every case the actual experience is presented rather than the mere theory. If it lacks anything, that thing is vision, a sense of what is before us, a suggestion as to how the real problems confronting advertising will be solved. We now have plenty of books telling how advertising is done. They all assume that whatever is is right. They base their conclusions on the best practices of the best practitioners, as has been the way with all professions at all times. What we do is advertising, just as what lawyers do is law, and what doctors do is medicine. But there is need of books that look ahead and point out, pathfinders, explorers, pioneers. We have had such books, but they have been the comparatively private publications of advertising agents to advertise themselves, confined to their customers and prospective customers. Some of these come quite wonderfully near the setting forth of advertising in its broader and more philosophical aspects. Just now the advertising world is apparently divided into two camps. There are the hard-headed, data-built, brass tacks men, who believe that advertising is an exact science, like chemistry or engineering, and that the same formula will always yield the same reaction, and there are those who hold that what we work with is human nature, the wants, desires, and habits of people, and that to produce a state of mind which did not exist before and kindle the imagination of the crowd, something like intuition, inspiration, and vision are required. Seemingly the most successful agencies are those which judiciously unite both schools, combine fact with fancy, and draw upon diverse and variously equipped minds to produce its finished product, the advertisement. And somehow there always remains an element in advertising which defies the teaching of a textbook.

"Rarebit"

WHEN is a rabbit not a rabbit? Mr. H. L. Mencken, in that spiciest of his books, "The American Language," answers "When it's a hare." He points out that when put into the hopper of our speech, all hares come out rabbits, with the single exception of the Belgian hare, "which is a true rabbit"; and in this analysis he has the full support of the dictionaries. There is, however, another answer. A rabbit is not a rabbit when it's a "rarebit"—one of the Welsh persuasion.

It is astonishing to note how unanimously all colloquial use agrees to preserve the original and true name of this ancient dish—witness the extension of the original pleasantry into "bunny"—and how unanimously all public or printed use agrees upon the senseless, far-fetched, and arbitrary correction. What we partake of from the midnight chafing dish is always a rabbit or a bunny; but what we find on the hotel menu or the restaurant bill-of-fare is always Welsh (sometimes, actually, "Welch"!) "rarebit." The latest edition of the most excellent of modern cookbooks, Mrs. Allen's, has "rarebit." The sign "Welsh Rarebit" flaunts itself in so mellow an institution as Morey's in New Haven, where, if anywhere in North America, one would expect a collaboration between the aroma of the best scholarship and that of gustatory delight. Soon, at the present rate, only a widely travelled or a widely read man will ever have seen the authentic term publicly displayed at all. Even the science of lexicography has begun to wobble. The latest International Webster, which remains sound to the core under W, saying "sometimes erroneously called *Welsh rarebit*," suffers the infection under R, where it gives no hint what manner of upstart "rarebit" truly is.

Now, it is abundantly clear that the picturesque term "Welsh rabbit" started as a deliberate mild joke. It was a piece of intentional whimsy and mystification in nomenclature, of the sort illustrated by the strictly analogous Yankee expression "Cape Cod turkey" for codfish. Parallel forms are "Pope's nose" and "Adam's apple." Unlike other similar instances of terminology, "Welsh rabbit" has become an accidental victim of the process known to historians of the language as "folk-etymology"—the tendency to take a perfectly good term which happens not to be understood and force it into a fictitious analogy with some more familiar term. Thus "*quelque chose*" becomes "kickshaw," the pickax is christened on the supposition that it is a kind of ax, the titmouse is given a plural which relates it fancifully to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"mouse" and "mice," the Latin "*fronti spice*" (look at the beginning) is evolved into "frontispiece" by analogy with "piece," and asparagus becomes, to the unlearned ear, "sparrow-grass." If the Welsh rabbit had first been styled "Welsh hare," folk-etymology might have turned it, on precisely the same principle, into "Welsh fare."

The curious aspect of this particular example is the motive involved in the fancied correction. What generally accounts for such popular transmogrifications is pure ignorance—ignorance, usually, of French, or Latin, or Old English, or simply of some earlier usage in English itself. But in this instance the motive is ignorance plus something much more corrosive—a proud affectation of refinement, of linguistic fastidiousness. "Rabbit" is solemnly explained as a crude and ignorant mistake for—what? No analogy existing, one is invented out of whole cloth—the spurious and nearly meaningless "rarebit." First the pleasantry in the original word is overlooked; then a purely imaginary word is fabricated as the form which must have been intended; and finally vulgarity or ignorance is imputed to whoever employs the proper form instead of the affectation! The case is somewhat like that of a popular novelist who was reported as intending to lecture on "The Feminine Nuisance in American Literature." A newspaper editor looked at the report, exclaimed "Oh, that's all wrong: he *must* have meant 'The Feminine *Nuance*,'" and forthwith changed the word.

Nearly everyone agrees that it is a good thing for the virility of written English that we have no Academy with quasi-legislative powers over our tongue. We hold that the language *ought* to be allowed to develop as a vast unconscious organism not amenable to deliberate regulation; that pedantic control would only cramp its natural raciness and vigor. Nevertheless, it is evidently possible to overdo the insistence on this point, the inspired lawlessness of our evolving speech. We have before us at least one example of a locution actually in need of regulation by an Academy of qualified judges if it is to preserve those very qualities of native humor and vigor to which Academies are supposed to be inimical. As a fact, it has been tampered with by an altogether different species of Academy— one composed of an aristocracy of hotel clerks, cooks, and the sort of folk who say "pass away" when they mean "die"—and the result is that all the salt is gone out of it.

A word, though, about the immortal dish itself. The Age of Volstead has seen its good old name come to etymological decay; but there has taken place at the same time a noteworthy improvement in the actual Welsh rabbit. It was always better eating when mixed with milk, and the judicious have always known that the associated beer or ale, infinitely desirable though it was, belonged *with* the rabbit rather than *in* it. Now, for simple lack of the traditionary liquids, nearly all of us have to make it as it ought always to have been made. The name has become the prey of ignorance masquerading as superior knowledge; but the bunny itself has undergone a process of compulsory education and ennoblement. Any wind blows some good—even the amendment which made the Constitution famous.

WILSON FOLLETT

Dr. Gerhard Menz, editor of the official organ of the German book-trade (*Boersenverein des Deutschen Buchhandels*) has received a special honor by having been called to occupy the chair for the technique and the economics of the book-trade at the Commercial High-School of Leipzig. The chair has been created by a donation of the *Boersenverein* on occasion of its 100th anniversary, which was lately celebrated. The appointment of Dr. Menz as an assistant professor has been approved by the Minister of Commerce of Saxonia.

Dr. Menz, who is well known as the author of several treatises on the history, the technique and the economics of the book-trade, also of an encyclopædia, published by the firm of Felix Meiner of Leipzig, under the title "The German-Trade of Today", has been lecturing on these subjects since the winter-term of 1922-1923 at the Commercial High-School of Leipzig.

The BOWLING GREEN

Au Bord d'une Source

Côte d'Or, September

THE little river Serein (so I learn from Mr. H. Warner Allen's book "The Wines of France") divides the vineyards of Chablis, so that the vintages of that region are classified according to whether they ferment on the right or the left bank. It is the same stream which in its infancy makes a clear ring round this old chateau, on its way toward the Yonne and the Seine. Tonnerre, the home of a reputable Chablis, is rightward of the Serein; but a believer in omens, in the train from Paris to Montbard, noted that he passed it on the left. Tonnerre on the Left, he said to himself.

It is the Serein that idles gently at the foot of this twelfth-century stone tower, where a fire burns behind me, lighting up the open hand cast in the iron chimney-back. Suremain de Flammerans was the name of one of the old seigneurs, and his emblem still shines hospitably behind the flames. This queer old painted room, within walls five feet thick, has been unoccupied for generations. We have sounded all the panellings for secret slides—not successfully, alas; though the house has its mysteries, as you shall see. A room with a stone floor, by the way, is ideal as a study; you can throw your matches and ashes where you please, and brush them into the hearth afterward.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The little Serein, moving softly in its stony moat, is one of this place's most perfect charms. The wind stirs it in parallel scribbles that move round the walls as softly as unwritten lines of verse drift in a poet's mind. Loitering on the bridge, in a forenoon of Meursault-colored sunlight, I heard Luther Conradi playing in the music-room. The rippling notes came trembling out into the sweet September air: a glorious cascade of trebles, gay and hasty with a downward-running cadence. At once the melody made me think of a little stream slipping and bending on its way; I imagined the Serein and its contributors tinkling down from Burgundian hillsides; and when I asked Conradi what it was, he said Liszt's *Au Bord d'une Source*. A few nights before, he had been playing this composition before going to bed. He woke just before dawn and heard someone in the music-room (next his chamber) playing it again. He sat up in bed amazed at the charm and sureness of touch; and then, to his astonishment, the music rippled on to a new and singularly beautiful ending, different from the composer's. In the spell of half-sleep he thought it must be a dream, and lay down again. But the next morning two others, sleeping at opposite ends of the house, said they had heard music during the night. I have heard him play that new ending of the piece as he heard it in the darkness; it is quite different from Liszt's and not less beautiful. It has a curious upward striving, as though the rivulet were trying to flow backward to its unvexed origin.

It is the little Serein, bending round the chateau, that seems the *motif* of whatever secret music lingers here in unmeasurable vibrations of air. The circle of water binds it in, sets it delicately apart, isolates it with such careful artifice. A tiny stream, so easily crossed: it is really but a few feet of water but its reflections are so deep! It is a great artist, the Serein: it knows that the way to savor a great silence is to have just a little sound; so at night, through open windows, you can hear it whispering past its overflow; on its way, past meadows and white cattle, toward larger destinies. Here it is like the daily mind of man—shallow itself, but it can mirror the pictures of great things.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Silence is a great part of the life the Serein here encloses. A peacefulness so profound that one wants to retard every slow moment and see it from both sides. Within and without, an old domain like this is a work of art, an art so deeply established that it collaborates with the supreme artfulness of Nature. Nature has the vague impulse, the push; man merely provides the rhyme-scheme, the ABBA. In the oddest variety everything here suggests artistic parables. On a sunny morning the shadow of this tower falls definite and dark across the brown moat. The carp, in a thick cluster, shoal to and fro exactly along the line of that shadow, keeping to the darker side. Is that not art? When the church bell rings, or a clock strikes, it seems always to fall upon the ear exactly at the right moment, at the instant when the apprehensions needed it. The wine, stacked in bins in the cellar, to lie there cool and obscure for years to come—the act of placing it has a ritual gravity. And brought upstairs in its little basket, like a baby in a bassinette, carefully horizontal, a bottle of Musigny or Corton-Grancey has the full righteousness of color, bouquet, and *gout* that make it as perfect in its own realm as an ode by Keats. There is no tariff in these matters. Perfection costs whatever you have to pay for it. Indeed the exhalation rising from a wine like Musigny, the ghost of the grape rising in the clear half-empty crater of those vast goblets, is so divine that it would seem the supreme act of connoisseurship simply to relish it in the nostrils and never taste it at all. Nor is it wise to taste rich Burgundies too continuously; the Subscriber in Waterbury who reproached me for an interest in such matters may console himself with the linguistic reflection that *gout* is easily transformed into gout.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I think I had forgotten to tell you about Burgundian clocks, which are amusing. The nearer one gets to Switzerland, I have always observed, the more people are interested in clocks. Perhaps that is because the Swiss, placed by Nature so near eternity, find earthly divisions of Time all the more precious. America invented the alarm clock, which rouses man to his work, and the time clock which keeps him at it. The Burgundian, taking it for granted that a solid citizen is for a large part of his time engrossed in the distractions of the table, conceived the idea of a clock that would strike the hour twice, to make sure of your noticing it correctly. The first time, while you are toping or gossipping, the clock strikes at random, anything at all, perhaps exactly, perhaps not. But then, a couple of minutes later, when your attention has been called to the fact that another hour has ticked, the number is correctly changed. Such is a Burgundian clock.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

But the thought that the Serein and I were pursuing was that everything here seems (as a printer would say) *justified;* aligned and accurately imposed upon some underlying norm. When Conradi was playing the other evening I sat near to watch his hands: it seemed impossible that they should err. The musician playing a difficult composition, he said, is always singing it in his mind. In the same way, in rare coalitions of circumstance, some subconscious spirit of just and fine living seems to be singing the complicated counterpoint of our existence. With it all, unless I misconceive the spirit of an old house, one is pervaded now and then by a delightful enchanted sadness. But the Serein has its gaieties too; and Conradi and I are meditating a Moating Song—a form of nautical ballad not yet achieved, I think.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Returning to France revives in the poet, who has not written verse for a longish time, an eagerness to put his notions in rhyme. In the train from Granville to Paris, and again from Paris toward Dijon, the measured charm of those countrysides, the reddening orchards, white curly roads, neatly shaven plains and stripy hillsides, silver-grey hamlets and the blue curves of the Yonne and aisles of poplar trees, all seemed to suggest and require the old French forms of verse. In the ballade or rondeau the singer spreads his thoughts with the simple orderliness of a peasant sunning linen on a hedge.

And this evening we are going, quixotically, to tilt some Moulin-à-Vent. As one might write on a picture postcard: We are having an uncorking time.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

America and the World

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE. By JOHN H. CLARKE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by HAMILTON HOLT

WHEN Mr. Taft was appointed chief-justice of the United States by President Harding, he resigned his office as president of the League to Enforce Peace, thus leaving the American peace movement leaderless.

But just causes are never long without champions. One of Mr. Taft's ablest associates on the Supreme Court bench was John H. Clarke of Ohio, an appointee and friend of Woodrow Wilson.

What was the genesis of Judge Clarke's great decision, I do not know, but the country and the world were astonished one morning some three years ago to read in the papers that Judge Clarke had resigned from the Supreme Court to devote the rest of his life, if need be, to bringing the United States into the League of Nations.

It was a brave and striking thing to do. It so heartened the friends of the League in America, that all factions forthwith united under Judge Clarke's leadership, and on the ashes of Mr. Taft's League to Enforce Peace, which had in the meantime died an honorable death, established the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association with Judge Clarke as its first president and George W. Wickersham as president of the Council.

From that day to this Judge Clarke has given his name, his time, and his money to promote world peace and abolish what Thomas Jefferson called "the greatest scourge of mankind." He has done this, moreover, at what is probably the risk of his life, for his heart is affected and his physicians have strongly advised him against too much platform work with its attendant strain and incessant traveling.

The present little volume is Judge Clarke's first peace book. It is a compilation of three addresses given last winter at Brown University under the auspices of the Colver Foundation.

The first chapter deals with the need of peace for America and the world. The discoveries of modern science, holds Judge Clarke, have so multiplied man's power of destruction that another world war, far more horrible than the last, if permitted to come, may permanently blight civilization.

The war system and the religious teaching of Jesus Christ are so utterly antagonistic at every point, that with the spread of education and the growth of the critical spirit, the two cannot exist much longer together—one or the other must disappear from the world—one or the other must perish. It is no exaggeration to say that Christianity cannot survive another war.

The second chapter gives an analysis of the League of Nations and the arguments why the United States should join it. In this chapter Judge Clarke gives the reason why Woodrow Wilson rejected the Lodge reservations which, I suspect, will be news to most people. Says Judge Clarke:

The real difficulty was that the reservations proposed by the Senate were framed in such form that the President believed that they were designed to cut down the Constitutional powers of the executive in dealing with foreign affairs, rather than to modify the terms of the Covenant, and for this reason, concluding he could not accept them under his oath of office, he rejected them.

The third chapter deals with the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes framed at last September's Assembly of the League of Nations. The Protocol, says Judge Clarke, is so new and novel in international relations that it may well be that the requisite number of nations have not yet risen to a level of civilization capable of giving even a trial to this great proposal. But after all it is precisely the system of settling differences with which we are all familiar in daily private life and with which as a nation we are familiar in dealing with the relations between the States of our Union.

As is already evident from the preceding quotations the book is pervaded with a deep religious and moral appeal. "It may be," says Judge Clarke, "pray God it may [illegible] necessary that our country must suffer as the European nations have suffered before we can be induced to join them in the heroic effort they are making to advance towards wiser methods. It seems impossible that this nation of ours which has least to risk in the great experiment, but most to lose if it shall fail, should permit itself to be the greatest obstacle to this most comprehensive and promising attempt of all time to organize the world for peace."

I have not the space to present Judge Clarke's arguments in detail. Suffice it to say that he has marshaled together a veritable arsenal of facts, which he presents eloquently, and persuasively. Indeed Judge Clarke has written with that power and charm that is only achieved where a public man of political wisdom and high probity writes from the heart.

No one, I think, can read the book through without being impressed with the purity and elevation of the character of the man who wrote it, his fairness and fervor, and the patriotism which inspires him. As long as our country produces such men to champion the great causes that ever must confront her, the fate of the Republic is secure.

Rural Conditions

THE RURAL HOME: Papers and Addresses of the American Country Life Association. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by the late HERBERT QUICK

THIS is Volume VI of the papers and proceedings of the American Country Life Association. Volume I is on "Rural Objectives," Vol. II on "Rural Health," Vol. III on "Rural Organization," Vol. IV on "Town and Country Relations," and Vol. V on "Country Community Organization." All are published by the University of Chicago Press.

The volume here under consideration has the usual merits and defects of a collection of the deliverances of people who contribute to a program. Some of the articles are very significant. Some are vaguely inspiring. Some are worthless. All are marked by the best of intentions. They deal with a subject the importance of which was not overestimated by Dr. Walter Burr of the Kansas State Agricultural College when he told the gathering "the significance of the farm family in the United States is that the farm family is the basis of national welfare." Such being the case, Congress might well consider converting itself into a Farm Bloc; but if it did there can be no doubt that it would in the present state of political darkness do more harm than good.

Dr. Branson's recent book, "Farm Life Abroad," gives us a glimpse of the lives of farmers (peasants) in Germany, Denmark, and France. It shows us that the Danes are a much more enlightened, well-educated, and intelligent race of farmers than are we, that they live in better houses, that the Danish "Rural Farm Home" is superior to ours in every way, and that they have not only taken control of the Danish government, but of Danish business big and little, and have made their business world like their control. They, even in the depression of two years ago, were the most fundamentally posperous farmers in the world, and had attained that posperity without subtracting from the fundamental welfare of any other class. They have lifted the rural home, the subject matter of the book under notice, higher than anywhere else in the world. How have they done it? There was one paper delivered at our Country Life Conference for the book under review entitled "Sidelights on Danish Home Life." It says of the Danish farmers "they do not seem to feel the press of poverty, the tense anxiety as to the future that is felt in many American country homes," but it is content to give only one reason for this—temperament! Only one speaker suggested, and that very casually that the betterment of the American rural home must be based on economic prosperity and security; yet that is undeniably the fact. Give the American farmer economic safety, the ownership of his farm to the extent that the Danes have them, and we may trust him to improve his home life, especially in view of the fact that we have so well-organized a group of people to aid him in doing it.

The farmers of America are gradually dividing into two classes; those who own their farms either clear of debt or under mortgages which are economically justifiable; and farm tenants. The tenants are increasing as a proportion wherever the land is valuable. The curse from which the Danes have emancipated themselves, and from which most of the peasantry of Europe have now freed themselves is darkening American farm life more and more all the time. But only one address given in this book tells us anything of its effect on the rural home and that tells mighty little. The American farm tenant works under that system of tenure which we have learned to hate—rack-renting. That is, we have no institution or custom anywhere in America which prevents the landlord from getting every cent of rent which the competition of the landless enables him to exact or to give the tenant continued possession of "his home." This has a damning effect on the rural home; but tenancy is ignored in these proceedings save on one paper, and in that it is not accorded much significance. In other words we had a great gathering to discuss the rural home in America, which ignored the land question.

This, of course, deprives the papers and addresses of any save a surface value. Yet, the book is well worth reading, and it and its companion volumes are so valuable that they belong in any library which seeks to cover the subject of agricultural life. Even a surface consideration of our rural conditions is worth while. Among the best items are the address of the President, Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, and the papers of Dr. C. J. Galpin, Marie Turner Harvey, Olive D. Campbell, and especially the study of "A Thousand Nebraska Farm Families and Their Homes," by J. O. Rankin.

East and West

THE OCCIDENT AND THE ORIENT. By SIR VALENTINE CHIROL. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.

THE CHALLENGE OF ASIA By STANLEY RICE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.25.

Reviewed by SYDNEY GREENBIE

IN the case of Sir Valentine's book, the student of the Orient meets with disappointment at the very outset. Mr. Chirol, who last summer was one of the lecturers at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, has the charm of the disinterested old gentleman, who has lived in the East as fully as in the West, and who from the proud pinnacles of British paternalism, looks not only through the oriental, but over his head. It is thus that we find him considering "The *Peculiar* Case of Egypt" and "The British *Experiment* in India." The thing that seems peculiar about Egypt is that "her rulers were at the same time showing how much easier it is for Orientals to contract the vices than the virtues of the Occident." I can see nothing peculiar about that. After all, our vices are perhaps more interesting than our virtues, and their adoption by Egypt attests to her sagacity. Only rich peoples can indulge in vices; and so quite naturally, Egypt found it necessary to tap European finance for the wherewithal, and fell into the trap. Surely there is nothing peculiar about that. Look at China! But China is not the Orient to Sir Valentine. Sir Valentine's story is so clear, so disinterested in its method that it fairly throbs with a passionate faith in the convictions and the administration of Britain in Egypt. . . . Not a whit different is the discussion of the British "Experiment" in India. To refer to two centuries of iron rule as an experiment is a sublime piece of rationalization. To include in that "experiment" the accidental educational consequences of the contact between East and West is to resolve the "white man's burden" into a blessing. "The magnitude of the responsibilities" says Sir Valentine, "which devolved upon the East India Company when, in the second half of the eighteenth century, it found itself, through the sheer force of circumstances rather than through any deliberately preconceived design, transformed from a mere trading corporation into a great agency of government and administration, was at first only imperfectly apprehended in England." We read on of that same limpid style (as easy as the frisk of a coyote) and nothing troubles the lecturer, nothing disconcerts him—not even his meeting with Ghandi. It is all very well, the historical facts are reliable, but we miss something, something that cosmopolitan thinking should reveal—just the wee bit of feeling. But then, of course, that is the secret of the success of Britain as ruler of subject peoples . . . . Before we leave Sir Valentine we had better make clear the limitations of the word Orient. He does not include China and Japan in his deliberations, but he adds a chapter on Russia and Bolshevism. Mr. Chirol's Orient is the half-breed East, the hyphen, so to speak, between East and West. The true Orient—China—lies in a world of its own.

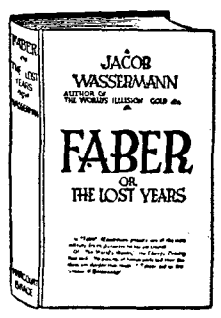
We move from the glacial precision of Sir Valentine to the tornado-esque self-confidence of Stanley Rice. Reading through Mr. Rice's book reminds me of the boy who whirls a tinful of water round and round his head without spilling a drop. Mr. Rice jumps from India to Japan, from ancient history to current events, from politics to conjecture with the abandon of Leonore Hughes. He progresses from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata at the beginning of a paragraph to kimonos in modern Japan at the end. I have looked here and looked there to find his sympathies and his antipathies, but they are as illusive and all inclusive as the variety of his subjects. There is nothing one can quote, for nothing stands out sharply from the whole panorama, seen as it were from a speeding airplane. And yet, the sense of a living, breathing, pulsating world of peoples with their antagonistic and complimentary aspirations becomes clear in spite of all the generalizations.

There is too much assumption on the part of the author that his reader will be familiar with the facts to which he only alludes in passing. In consequence, he often gives an impression of inaccuracy to the one familiar with the subject. Take, for instance, the section in which he sketches briefly the early intercourse between Europe and China. There is not a text-book in history to which one might refer for help in some of these details. Mr. Rice is not altogether sure of his ground himself when he says: "The Portuguese traders were banished to Macao; the English traders were confined so far as might be to Canton." The fact is that all foreign traders between 1783 and 1840 were forced to live in Macao except when the arrival of a ship made it necessary for them to open their "factories" or warehouses at Canton. A trifling error, but due to an attempt to cover too much history in a limited volume. Nor does the author help the reader in such incidents as the coming to China and the death of Lord Napier. Nor does he seem to be at all aware of the fact that American merchants were engaged in a trade that was slowly sapping the strength of the East India Company in China for thirty years prior to the opium war. He utterly ignores America's place in China, being English obviously, though seeking an American reading public. This is an important point in view of his reasoning on the opium war. He claims that Chinese, "the very officials who were so loudly condemning the opium traffic, were themselves making fortunes by smuggling." This is not altogether true, for Commissioner Lin was honestly and courageously trying to carry out the orders of his Government, and it was as a result of his drastic and unequivocal attempt to stifle smuggling that England declared war—whatever subordinate officials may or may not have been guilty of . . . . And so one might pick flaws in this little book without weakening the force and value of it entire. It is to be read rather for the stimulus it gives to the imagination and to one's impulses; and as one discovers no bias in it, so, it may be hoped, will it leave the reader without a bias.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harcourt, Brace and Company

383 Madison Avenue New York



FABER

or the Lost Years

By

Jacob Wassermann

Author of the "World's Illusion", etc.

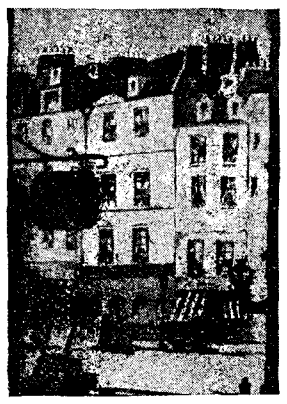
Translated by Harry Hansen

In "Faber", his latest novel, the famous continental writer has given us a great love story, as well as a vivid record of post-war hysteria and degeneracy in a once happy community.

Of "The World's Illusion", Wassermann's first novel to be translated into English, the *Chicago Evening Post* said, "Its pictures of human souls and their destinies are as sharp as those of Tolstoy and as deep as those of Dostoievsky."

Just ready

$2.50



THE MADONNA of the BARRICADES

By

J. St. Loe Strachey

Editor of the London "Spectator"

A romantic novel of England and of Paris during the Revolution of 1848, by one of England's most brilliant journalists. Mr. Strachey has constructed a highly exciting plot, with love, Paris street fighting, an Italian secret society, a young English lord, and a beautiful Italian countess as the principal elements.

Just ready

$2.00

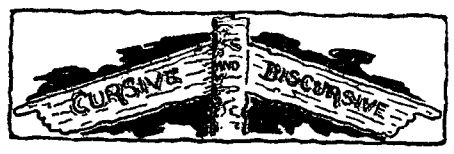
TABOO

By

Wilbur Daniel Steele

"A shining golden needle in the haystack of contemporary fiction." —*N. Y. World.*

$2.00



IT WAS a dream. But we were a Traffic Cop. Perhaps it was because the new office is now on West Forty-Fifth Street not far from the Avenue. It seemed to us that we stood in the middle of the street at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Fifth, that we wore a rather heavy cap and a rather heavy uniform of unaccustomed blue. The West-bound traffic was passing, and we were watching the eye of a traffic-tower up the Avenue. Presently it winked red. Then it winked green, and we raised our hand. We blew our whistle.

To our right and to our left the limousines began to stream by and the taxis to honk and grind. The Avenue was again in spate. There was a weight upon our chest, and we hitched at the belt of our uniform. And suddenly realized that a portable typewriter was slung around our neck, very much like the Ancient Mariner's albatross! It was supported by a little platform that jutted out from our belt buckle. There was a clean sheet of paper in the typewriter, with a backing-sheet. We were evidently intended to write something upon the typewriter, but meanwhile we had to watch the traffic-tower, pay attention to careless chauffeurs, and get ready to toot our whistle.

It occurred to us, incidentally, that this year's models in automobiles were strange in shape. They were either broad and flat or high and thin. And it didn't seem right that in broad daylight they should all be sporting glaring lamps with nary a dimmer. Besides, they all seemed to be the trucks or vans of large firms, bearing large lettering upon them. What, not a *sign* of a private car? Why even the taxis bore more—and other—announcements than the usual Yellow, Yello, Yalu, Tell-a-Yell, and so on. . . .

Then we realized with a shock that all these cars were really *books* on wheels, great big *books*, colossal books—with radiators and balloon tires and running-boards—but *books*, nevertheless! We blew our whistle immediately and loudly, regardless of gumming the traffic, and we stalked over to the big car that screeched to a stop closest to us. We stuck out our lower jaw at an angle with our upper one, and spat our words out of the side of our mouth. We seemed to have developed a raucous voice with great carrying-power.

"Sa-a-ay!" we vociferated, "Cool off, cool off, woinelldyatinkyar? Howjaver gettalicense? Wotyatryindo? Kidme? *Back* up! *Back* up! Turn around and lay down! Roll over! Situpanbark! Whereyathinkyergoin, Reggie!"

For answer, the chauffeur, a pompous looking individual, slipped us a card, and regarded us superciliously down his long nose. On the card it said: "THE GREATEST YET! Comedy! Tragedy! Passion! Thrills! Mystery! Romance! Satire! Irony! Young Love! Home and Mother! Ask Dad He Knows! Big Business! George Grabbitt's Latest! Astounding! Surprising! Shocking! Thrilling! Hair-raising! Soul Satisfying! Heart Warming! The Great West! The Luscious South! The Electrifying East! The Frozen North! All Between Covers At Last! The Sensation of the Season! First Edition Twenty-Five Thousand Sold Before Publication!"

"Sa-a-a-a-a-a-ay!" we came back, but rather blankly. "Sa-a-ay, whadya, whodya, wheredya,—*think* this is a liberry *huh*? Stand down! Snap out of it! Climb this! Jump through that! Gitoffdyerth! Watsa big idear,—HEY!"

But that astonishingly pompous chauffeur merely jerked a thumb over his shoulder, and we read in tremendous crimson letters on a violently green background the lettering upon his bus.

THE MOILING MART
By
GEORGE GRABBITT

The World's Best Seller—Get It Hot Off the Griddle!

And even as we looked at it, that chauffeur rasped his gears and bumped us aside. For an instant the great gaudy volume towered over us, and then was off down the Avenue, thunderously lumbering.

That started up the traffic again, and now we began to notice the Cars or Books or Cars—whichever they were—that passed us on both sides. There went Dolly Diver's "Terrible Turks", second edition ten thousand. Blazing with Gold and Blue! There went Cecil Topknot's "Whoops!" by the World's Premier Humorist. Yonder, "Oh You Beautiful Man!" by Gertie Glob, flashed chineses white and salmon pink, wreathed in paper roses. "A WINNER!" shouted the yellow and vermillion flank of A. A. Belkwire's "Quadruple Tangle"—SEX, SEX, SEX, EX, EX, EXTRAH! And here to the right, nearly taking off our toes, a segment of text yawped at us,

The Man with the Purple Beard advanced toward Mehitabel with ravenous red eyes staring from a parchment white face. "*A-r-r-r-r!*" he emitted in a frenzied yodel. Just then the door behind her opened to reveal three Slant-Eyed Orientals clad in Terrible Tiger-Skins. From the skylight above her a gigantic Nubian dropped with a horrible cry. From the trap-door at her very feet the head of an African lion emerged with a ferocious snarl. Mehitabel clenched her little hands at her sides and stood erect facing them all proudly. "Curs!" she cried as the heavy artillery from without shook the four walls of the room even as its windows were lit by the glare of the volcanic eruption from old Mount Pelee. . .

READ IT! READ IT! READ IT! THE GREATEST OF MYSTERY STORIES! *What Happened Then* . . . . !

Bewildered, we turned away,—but the *bigger cars seemed to have passed*. Here and there scuttered a taxi. We leapt at the nearest, wildly blowing our whistle. We hurled ourself to the running-board as it skidded to the curb.

"Sa-a-a-a-a-y!" we began, with our usual approach. The taxi-driver leaned over to his meter and began to turn a crank. From the meter emerged a long strip of paper. This he thrust into our hand, touched his cap, and was off again before we could stop him. We found ourself sitting in the middle of the Avenue reading on the slip of paper,

. . . the vestiges of a fine talent which otherwise might perhaps have come to something if it were not that the author has so grievously misconceived the main objection to work of this kind which is that if the writer had only thought of doing something else in the first place perhaps for instance taken up plain linotyping or fancy house-painting instead of giving us this elaborate concoction of romance when we were looking for a spring juvenile we might have been more satisfied were it not for our intense aversion to authorship in any form. As we say our chief objection to work of this kind is not that it tries to be what it does not attempt but rather that it never attempts what it has not even thought of trying to be. The characters are, no doubt, well-drawn, but the mere fact that a character. . . .

What was this gibberish? But then we noted that the other taxis now scurrying past all bore the large words REVIEWS—REVIEWS—REVIEWS stamped upon them. There were folios upon folios of those taxis!

There the nightmare might well have ended. But suddenly we were aware of a dilapidated craft, looking very much, from the front, like a model 1910 Ford, clanking and bubbling down the Avenue. We arose and rushed up to it. Its weary driver halted it immediately with a shuddering groan.

"Sa-a-a-a-a-ay!" we began. But he held up an emaciated hand and turned toward us a haggard face. Looking at the black-glazed side of his car, that shone like ebony, we perceived no lettering, but only the silver device upon it of a chaste lamp of Greek design from which ascended a tenuous thread of silver smoke.

This driver had a nobly ascetic face. His brow was lofty. His gaze was mild. "My dear sir," he murmured, "Oh, my dear sir!"

"Whodyathinkyare?" we snorted, but somewhat abashed.

"My name is, as it chances, Walter Pater," remarked the driver, turning his tired and perplexed countenance full upon us. "And in there," he pointed backward at his chariot, "I bear in the inmost holy of holies, the *pure gemlike flame!* I seem to be in the wrong street. Can you not kindly direct me—?"

But we swelled, on the instant, into a full recognition of our responsibilities,—and we are *proud* to say that we unslung our typewriter and, raising it high above our head in both tremendous hands, brought it down upon the pate of Pater with a terrific concussion. . . .

So terrific that it projected us entirely out of our office-chair, into which we had slumped after racking our brains for an idea for "Cursive and Discursive". . . . Yet it all leaves us with a terrible and a beautiful memory!

W. R. B.

Harper Books

A Romance of the Great LaSalle

The Power and the Glory

By Gilbert Parker

Here are the days of deep intrigue and high adventure, of gallant adventures and plotting courtiers, of swords drawn quickly and power prized highly—the days of Louis XIV. And against this tinseled background, rugged and indomitable, is the noble figure of La Salle—who, for the glory of France, left all that men prize to carve out an empire from the wilderness that is now America. *$2.00*

The 1925 Harper Prize Novel

The Perennial Bachelor

By Anne Parrish

"This new writer very gracefully takes her place in the too brief list of our American stylists and satirists. The present season is not apt to produce a more honest and engaging piece of work than this story, sad, funny, human, witty, shrewd and true, about plain Americans."—*Kathleen Norris.* *$2.00*

Wives

By Gamaliel Bradford

Seven fascinating close-ups of American women, wives of famous and infamous characters in our history. Here are Mrs. Benedict Arnold; Theodosia Burr; Mrs. Jefferson Davis; Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler; the delightful Dolly Madison; Mrs. James G. Blaine; and finally, that puzzling, tragic figure, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. *$3.50*

Harper Prize Short Stories

Introduction by Bliss Perry

The twelve distinguished stories chosen by Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale and Bliss Perry from among the more than 10,000 manuscripts entered in the recent contest held by *Harper's Magazine.* *$2.00*

The Vortex

By Noel Coward

Broadway's sensational new success, which *Percy Hammond* has called "the new season's best play," and F. P. A. "the best play and the most absorbing I have seen in a long while, full of brightness and bitterness and truth." *$1.50*

HARPER & BROTHERS

Publishers since 1817

See Harper's Magazine for Announcements of the Better Schools and Colleges.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McBride BOOKS

A Novel of the American Scene

P. A. L.

By FELIX RIESENBERG

"It bursts and riots with humor, his own droll, irreverent and virile comedy."—*Christopher Morley.*

$2.00 net

"That soupcon of decadence—"

Week-End

By CHARLES BRACKETT

A novel for the frivolous. 2nd printing.

$1.75 net

A Romance of Amnesia

Mr. Petre

By HILAIRE BELLOC

With illustrations by
G. K. CHESTERTON

"One of the cleverest, most brilliant pieces of satirical writing published within the last decade. Unceasingly original, absurdly witty, yet at the same time profound."
—*Boston Evening Transcript.*
$2.50 net.

NEW YORK IN SEVEN DAYS

A week's tour of discovery in New York. Admirable as a guide book and as readable as a novel. ***With maps, $1.50 net.***

By HELENA SMITH DAYTON
and
LOUISE BASCOM BARRATT

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & Company
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

The Osteology of the Reptiles

By
SAMUEL W. WILLISTON

Contains the chief results of the late Professor Williston's half-century of exploration and research in the field of vertebrate palaeontology; the book is thus the culminating effort and achievement of his inspiring career. It is now issued both as an important work of scientific investigation and as a memorial to a distinguished palaeontologist. There are upwards of two hundred remarkable illustrations in the course of the volume. $4.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A Novel that Every Mother Should Read

THE MISTY FLATS

By HELEN WOODBURY

Anna Steese Richardson says:
" 'The Misty Flats' is one of those rare bits of character drawing which hold the reader entranced and enthralled. I do not know when I have read so poignant a study of girlhood and womanhood. . . . 'The Misty Flats' is the most remarkable indictment of maternal selfishness that I have ever read."

SECOND PRINTING
$2.00 at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. *Publishers,* BOSTON

English Books in Italy

By DALE WARREN

AMY LOWELL'S "Life of John Keats" occupies a conspicuous place at the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome. Yet the book is unknown just the other side of the Spanish Steps where the Liberia Wilson has been selling English and American books for thirty-two years. In fact, I was told that my inquiry was the first that had been received. I explained that it was one of the most significant of recent American biographies and expressed my surprise that it was not in stock. Unwittingly, I had put my finger on the explanation: that "recent" American publications are seldom available at the Liberia, as it takes six months or more for a new book to "penetrate" and requests of customers, rather than publishers' announcements, are used as a basis for ordering.

I gave Houghton Mifflin and Company as publishers and inquired about the possibility of having a special order placed for a single copy. It would take from five to seven weeks, I learned, to get the book and warning was given that carrying charges, to be paid by the purchaser, were heavy.

This, in short, is a typical instance of the futility of trying to obtain an American book at a foreign bookstore before the English edition has had time to make its way onto the continent. Miss Grimes, the Director of the Liberia Wilson, an Englishwoman of taste and ability, spoke further of the difficulties connected with the American trade. In the first place, American publishers are inclined to leave the continental market to their English representatives. American publishers seldom visit Italy and events in the American publishing world are either retailed by gossip or discovered in some belated review. The distance is almost prohibitive and American books are so unnecessarily heavy that the charge for mailing or shipping is out of all proportion to the price of the book. Furthermore, few tourists stay in Rome long enough to insure their receipt of a book which has to come from New York or Boston. They want a book by Thursday afternoon or not at all.

Books from England, on the other hand, can be secured in ten days or two weeks. Service is better and English books are so light in weight that the purchaser is not overwhelmed with postal charges. English publishers are looking for new European outlets, and so it is that the great majority of volumes in the Liberia Wilson bear the English imprint. This does not mean that they are exclusively the works of English authors. It does mean, however, that American writers have little chance of having their books known in Rome, or on the continent, before arrangements for publication have been concluded with some English publisher and the English edition has finally made its appearance. There is some slight exception to this general rule at Brentano's in Paris, due to their close connection with the New York office.

There are certain books with a marked Italian background, call them historical novels, works of fiction, classics, which the visitor to Italy can find in the most important Italian cities. They may be in Everyman or the paper-covered Tauchnitz edition, clerks and saleswomen know them, and they are readily proffered at most bookstores where there is a foreign trade. I refer particularly to "The Marble Faun," "Romola," and "The Last Days of Pompeii." There are also Bulwer Lytton's "Rienzi," "The Prince" by Niccolo Machiavelli, Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, and Merejkowski's "Forerunner," with its story of Leonardo da Vinci. Their sale is steady, they make attractive souvenirs when bound in heavily tooled Florentine leather, but, the opinion is, are seldom read.

The romances of F. Marion Crawford still attract considerable attention in Italy, although they fall off somewhat from year to year. The Liberia Wilson has the greatest call for "A Roman Singer," "A Lady of Rome," the "Saracenesca" series, and "The White Sister," Lillian Gish and the moving picture industry being held responsible for the renewed demand of the latter. The popularity of Stewart Edward White's "Andivius Hedulio" is growing, and Sabatini, having come in with "The Life of Caesar Borgia," is a "best seller" in Rome.

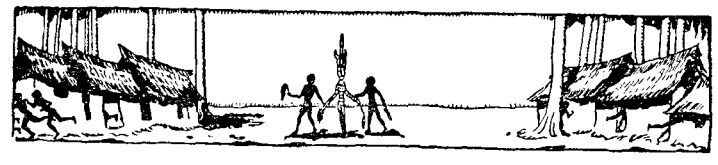
The stock of history and art books is kept moving by students and members of the Anglo-American colony who have at their disposal leisure and opportunity for study. John Dennie's two books, "Rome of Today and Yesterday" and "Pagan and Christian Rome" have kept their place for many years and the same is true of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis," George Macaulay Trevelyan's "Garibaldi and the Thousand," Mrs. G. M. (Janet Penrose) Trevelyan's "Short History of the Italian People," Sedgwick's "Italy in the Thirteenth Century," Thayer's "Life and Times of Cavour," and Col. C. F. Young's "The Medici." Luigi Villari's "Awakening of Italy," a study of Fascism, and two books by the Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero—"The Greatness and Decline of Rome" and "The Women of the Caesars"—are available in translation and appeal to English and American readers. Classicists patronize the Loeb Library and the new series, "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," while women, particularly, are enthusiastic about Julia Cartwright's lives of Isabella and Beatrice d'Este.

Plutarch's "Lives" is referred to as "dead," and "The Age of Despots," is the only volume of John Addington Symond's comprehensive "Renaissance in Italy" still in demand. Likewise the only volume of Vasari's "Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects" which seems to have survived the test of popularity is that containing the study of Michaelangelo. Gayley's "Classic Myths" is the standard work on mythology, although others are frequently supplied. There is some sale for Frazier's "Golden Bough" and also for Lady Frazier's more condensed "Leaves from the Golden Bough."

Art books are in demand both in Rome and Florence. Elie Faure's "History of Art," Reinach's "Apollo," "Art in Italy," by Professor Mather of Princeton, Berenson's "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance," and Mrs. Jameson's art studies are all safe items.

When it comes to the guide-book, the tourist is the important factor. Hence the Liberia Wilson and corresponding bookstores in other cities offer a wide selection. Baedeker, Murray, Rolfe, Grant Allen, Hare, Hutton, and Lucas are the authors usually recommended. The series known as "Mediæval Towns," the "Things Seen" series, and the celebrated "Wanderer" series are all well known. Mr. Lucas is, I understand, at work on "A Wanderer in Rome" and advance orders from Italy are heavy, as Hutton's

(*Continued on next Page*)



Two Books by LLEWELYN POWYS
Author of "Black Laughter"

EBONY and IVORY

"Now reappears that powerful book." *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

$2.50

SKIN for SKIN

"It has only one companion book, De Quincey's 'Confessions of an Opium Eater'." *N. Y. Times.*

$2.00

Harcourt, Brace & Company 383 Madison Ave. New York

VIKING BOOKS

This beast, commonly thought to be extinct, has just been discovered under strange circumstances on Ile des Dames.

Gerhart Hauptmann's latest novel

The Island of the Great Mother

Germany's greatest writer since Goethe, Nobel Prize winner, presents a new novel on a startling and provocative theme. A group of women, ranging from circus rider to debutante, are shipwrecked on a mysterious tropical island. There is only one male among them, a mere boy. The women establish a social order which is to prove conclusively (?) that man is not essential to woman's happiness.
All goes well until suddenly a miracle occurs: a child is born. Then more children! A fascinating story, beautifully translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. $2.50

Sinclair Lewis says of
The Book of American Negro Spirituals
Edited by James Weldon Johnson

"Negro Spirituals are so far America's greatest contribution to art, and Mr. Johnson's book not only gives a magnificent collection of them, with the proper music, but also in a brilliant introduction he explains their origin and nature." 61 songs, words and music. $3.50

Ellen Glasgow says of
Prairie
by Walter J. Muilenburg

"As fine and true as any work that has come from the Middle West—a book of unusual significance." Allan Nevins in *The Saturday Review* calls it "a durable contribution to the literature of the West, a work which deserves a wide reading." $2.50

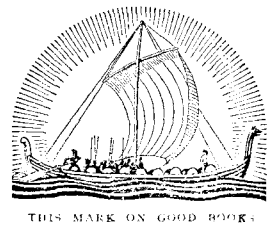
"Written with the receptivitity of a Harry Franck and the narrative gift of a Somerset Maugham"
—The Sun.

5 Oriental Tales
by Comte de Gobineau
Preface by Ernest Boyd

"Herman Melville is perhaps as near a literary relation as Gobineau has in English, but Gobineau knows how to be brief and Melville often does not."—*The Sun.* $2.50

The Confession of a Fool
by August Strindberg
Preface by Ernest Boyd

The reissue of a great autobiographical novel of the author's first marriage is in line with the increasing interest in Strindberg. $2.50



THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS

THE VIKING PRESS
B. W. HUEBSCH, INC.
30 IRVING PLACE, N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An entirely new sort of novel by

Floyd Dell

RUNAWAY

¶ A vagabond father, — poet, philosopher, charming ne'er-do-well.

¶ A madcap daughter, — lovely, scornful, as daring a spirit as her father.

¶ How she flouts this father whom she secretly adores, and how his love finally saves her from rash adventure, makes a deeply moving story of father and daughter.

A book that marks Floyd Dell's progress from the leadership of "the younger generation" to a position of real stature as a novelist. $2.00

By the author of "MOON-CALF," etc. DORAN BOOKS

Youth vs. Marriage

BREAD AND JAM

by Nalbro Bartley

¶ Need a girl sacrifice her individuality when she marries?

¶ Does a man owe more to his wife than to his profession?

¶ Do happy marriages depend on the luxuries of life?

Here is a book that presents the case with amazing impartiality from the viewpoint of young wife, husband and mother. $2.00 DORAN BOOKS

A new star in the fiction firmament

OH, THE BRAVE MUSIC!

by Richard Blaker

More than fulfilling the promise of "Voice in the Wilderness," this new book firmly places Richard Blaker among the foremost novelists of today.

¶ The theme is that life is never at an end: it is always at a beginning. A retired sea-captain comes home, only to whirl himself and his family into a vortex of new activity. It is a story abounding in pathos, comedy, and tragedy. $2.50

At All Booksellers

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, New York DORAN BOOKS

Books In Italy

(*Continued from preceding Page*)

similar book on Rome is not altogether satisfactory and has little circulation among Catholics. "A Wanderer among Pictures," which shows Mr. Lucas's versatility, is, after Professor Mather's "Art in Italy," perhaps the best adapted art book for tourists. "Roma Beata," by Maud Howe, with its illustrations by her husband, John Elliott, Story's "Roba di Roma," written during the sculptor's residence in Rome, and Showerman's "Eternal Rome," recently published by the Yale University Press, are three studies of Roman life and tradition by Americans. The latter is too expensive for general consumption, however, and there is need for a cheaper edition for student and tourist use. Professor Showerman is Director of the summer session of the American Academy in Rome.

At the present time, Miss Grimes is awaiting a shipment of Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to Italy," for which she has had several requests during the summer. She is far from enthusiastic about the book, however, explaining that it is "too painfully American" to be offered to most English readers.

Frances Elliott's books circulate widely. Yet her "Roman Gossip" is out of print and calls for it are constant. I was unable to secure Lawrence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks" for the same reason, and found nothing to take its place. Percy Lubbock's "Roman Pictures" is, strangely, unknown, and also Stark Young's "Three Fountains." I found copies of the latter in Florence, in the American edition, and was given to understand that the sale is encouraging. Louis Golding's "Sunward" is a comparatively new title in Rome, and "The Enchanted April," introduced shortly after publication, is considered one of the standard works of fiction.

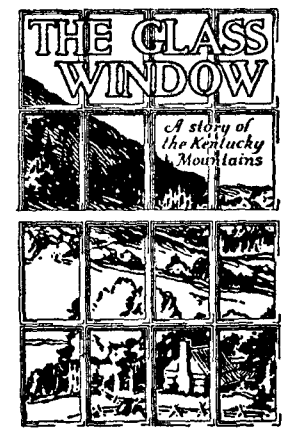
Keats's and Shelley's poems are kept permanently in stock. A visit to the Memorial or a trip to the English Cemetery to see Keats's grave and the resting place of the "Cor Cordium" generally imbues the traveller with a desire for at least one volume. Yet the greatest Browning interest is in Florence, and there are few days that the shop at Casa Guidi does not sell a copy of Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows."

Seeber's Bookstore on the Via Tornabuoni is the chief Florentine center for English and American books. Here one sees the familiar classics, histories, art books and guides, with a smattering of Dante, Alfieri, Boccaccio, Ouida, Browning, Maurice Hewlett, Berenson, Janet Ross, and other authors associated with Florence. Symonds "New Italian Sketches" and "Sketches in Italy" are available in the Tauchnitz edition (there should be something better) and we find books on Tuscany and the hill towns not in evidence in Rome. Three studies of the life of St. Francis of Assisi are offered—those by Chesterton, Sabatier, and Jorgensen. Lilian Whiting's "Florence of Landor" is another book we notice here, and Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence" is displayed to catch the eye of the traveller.

The Ruskin era has passed, in Italy as elsewhere, but in Venice we see his "Stones of Venice," also on display, at the International Bookstore next to St. Mark's. American residents in Venice enjoy Horatio Brown's "Life on the Lagoons" and Howells' "Venetian Life," written while the latter was American consul. A popular book with visitors is Hopkinson Smith's "Gondola Days." Now and then one picks up a small edition of Byron or a stray copy of "The Merchant of Venice," but Venetian booksellers, I believe, on the whole do somewhat better with Casanova's "Memoirs."

The fifth part of the library of the late William Winter, poet and critic, was sold on September 24 at Walpole Galleries, bringing about $2,500. The other parts sold within the last two years has brought about $20,000. The two remaining parts will go under the hammer this winter. The highest price, $450, was paid by the Rosenbach Company for an Edwin Booth association piece—a small stained glass window given by Booth to William Winter in 1879 which hung forty-six years in Winter's home. The window contains a medallion on pale yellow of the head of Shakespeare, on a field of leaded glass, set with four pale yellow bulls-eyes in the corners.

A Heart-Stirring New Novel of the Kentucky Mountains



THE GLASS WINDOW

By LUCY FURMAN

Author of "The Quare Women"

In this new novel Miss Furman continues to mine the rich vein which she tapped in "The Quare Women"—that moving narrative of the adventures which a group of young women "from outside" encountered in one of America's most tucked-away corners. There is more romance and adventure in this story than in its predecessor, however, and the love stories of two of "the quare women" are most charmingly related.

An "Atlantic Monthly Press Publication"

$2.00 at all Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY *Publishers*

A New Novel by

Henry Sydnor Harrison

How a brilliant and disillusioned young man---a critic, in short---went to Paris to live forever --- and what happened then.

For a deft, joyous and thoroughly delightful novel ask your bookseller for

ANDREW BRIDE

$2 *OF PARIS* $2

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

MEN MAROONED

By George Marsh

Author of "The Whelps of the Wolf," "The Valley of Voices," etc.

A tale through whose pages the wood smoke rises at twilight, the yelps of sled dogs echo, the wedges of white geese pass, and the riven sea ice booms on a coast new to fiction and known to but few white men.

AT ALL BOOK STORES

Price $2.00

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINGED DEFENSE

By WILLIAM MITCHELL

Former Assistant Chief of the Air Force, U. S. A.

With characteristic frankness Colonel Mitchell states his case against Army and Navy policies. He explains the vast possibilities of modern air power, economic and military, and maps out a plan for future development. Illustrated *$2.50*

THE GRAND ECART

By JEAN COCTEAU

The intellectual, aesthetic and amorous adventures of a young Parisian are recounted by one of the wittiest and most brilliant men writing in France today. A novel for the sophisticated. Translated by Lewis Galantiere. *$2.00*

ARGONAUTS OF THE SOUTH

By CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY

Here is a stirring story of experiences in the Antarctic, written by the official photographer for Sir Ernest Shackleton and Sir Douglas Mawson on their famous expeditions. Readers of Captain Hurley's "Pearls and Savages" need not be told that the book is magnificently illustrated. *$5.00*
To be Published October 16th

PETER THE CZAR

By KLABUND

The wild, mad career of the fantastic, half barbarous Peter the Czar is told in a powerful narrative that rises in a vast crescendo to a poignant, moving climax. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. *$2.00*

OREGON SKETCHES

By WALLACE SMITH

Writing of prospectors, cow-boys and Indians, the author views the "great open spaces" with laughing cynicism as well as sincere affection. Illustrated. *$2.50*

SAMUEL PEPYS

A Portrait in Miniature
By J. LUCAS DU-BRETON

Here is the immortal Pepys of the unexpurgated Diary viewed with Gallic wit and understanding. "Biography like 'Ariel'. It recreates, interprets with the vitality of the novel." *New York Post.* The translation is by H. J. Stenning. Illustrated. *$2.50*

For sale at all booksellers or at the Putnam Store, 2 West 45th St.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
West 45 th St., New York
London

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

A SHEAF OF MEMORIES. By FRANK SCUDAMORE. Dutton. 1925. $5.

Those decades of English military history which flowered in expeditionary exploits in difficult foreign lands developed a remarkable group of war correspondents. Of this group Scudamore was an experienced and adventurous member. He saw and risked much. He was in the British Square ambushed at El Teb and escaped by a miracle. Scudamore witnessed desperate fighting at Omdurman, in the Greco-Turkish war and elsewhere. He made a memorable dangerous journey to Armenia to report the truth of the massacres there. His volume is filled with anecdotes of famous men and places; but the dominant characteristic of Mr. Scudamore's excellent autobiographical sketches is his love for and knowledge of the British army in the gallant days when Kitchener, Sir Evelyn Wood, Gatacre, Hector MacDonald, and others were leading against native troops in tropic lands. Scudamore, incidentally, thinks the cable has done for the war correspondent of his day.

MY TOWER IN DESMOND. By *S. R. Lysaght.* Macmillan. $2.50.
THE NAKED MAN. By *Vere Hutchinson.* Century. $2.
MARRIED LIFE. By *Edith O'Shaughnessy.* Harcourt Brace. $2.
CHARLES M. SHELDON: HIS LIFE STORY. Doran. $2.50 net.
LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER. By *J. P. Marquand.* Minton, Balch. $3.50.
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LAURENCE STERNE. By *Wilbur L. Cross.* Yale University Press. 2 vols. $7.
PARNELL. By *St. John Ervine.* Little, Brown. $4.

Drama

WRITING THE ONE-ACT PLAY. By HAROLD NEWCOMB HILLEBRAND. Knopf. 1925. $1.75.

Students of the one-act play could find no better statement of the theory and possibilities of this, until recently, neglected play form, than in Professor Hillebrand's small, compact volume. He has managed very skilfully to combine practical examples from well-known plays to illustrate his theories and the result is a remarkably clear statement of the problems confronting the writer of one-act plays. The chapters on "Getting Under Way"; "Characterization"; "Dialogue" and "Development" seemed to us especially successful. An excellent bibliography of plays follows the text.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM. By *Eden Phillpotts.* Macmillan. $1.75.
THREE PLAYS. By *Padraic Colum.* Macmillan. $2.25.
THE WONDER HAT. By *Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht.* Appleton. $1.75.
ANTHONY AND ANNA. By *St. John G. Ervine.* Macmillan. $1.50.
THE HEART OF FRANCES. By *Constance G. Wilcox.* Appleton.
A KNIGHT OF THE PINEY WOODS. By *Arthur MacLean.* Appleton.
THE PIE AND THE TART. By *Mathurin Dondo.* Appleton.
BOOTS. By *Ransom Rideout.* Appleton.
EXILE. By *Arthur Doyle.* Appleton.
TWO BLIND MEN AND A DONKEY. By *Mathurin Dondo. Appleton.*
THE NEW THEATRE AND CINEMA OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By *Huntly Carter.* International Publishers. $6.

Fiction

MEN MAROONED. By GEORGE MARSH. Penn. 1925.

Out of familiar materials Mr. Marsh has concocted a swinging tale which despite the fact that it runs sufficiently true to pattern to leave the outcome for no moment in doubt still holds the interest of the reader unil the last page is turned. It is the story of a disfigured war veteran who has sought opportunity to recover from the shock to his emotions which the recoil of the girl he loves from his scar has caused by burying himself in the Hudson Bay district. There as factor he fights a brave fight against loneliness and rivalry, and finally wins through to the love of a valiant young woman whom he meets through chance.

Mr. Marsh has a brisk style, a feeling for the wilderness, and a commendable absence of sentimentality. His character drawing is, to be sure, stereotyped, but it follows along lines that never fail to make their appeal. Those who enjoy their fiction unsophisticated will find his tale pleasant reading.

MARRIED LIFE. By EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

There are six stories contained in this book, two long, the first and last, and four short tales, all of which are concerned with marital relationships. Being realistic and plausible, they rely but remotely upon plot as that term is related to excitement and adventure, which elements are appropriately lacking here. They are deftly written, witty, ironic, clear-cut productions, except the last, an inherently impressive work whose appeal to the average reader is weakened by the author's intentional envelopment of her theme in a cloudy, half-mystical indirectness. The initial story seems to us by long odds the best. It tells of a rich and high-bred old man, the widower of three wives, who at sixty-two takes a fourth bride in the person of an attractive, mercenary woman less than half his age. She brings him youth, beauty, virtue, devotion, in a fair exchange for his wealth, but when an early flame reenters her life, the elderly husband unsuspectingly loses all these radiant possessions, passing away peacefully at the end without ever knowing the wrong that has been done him.

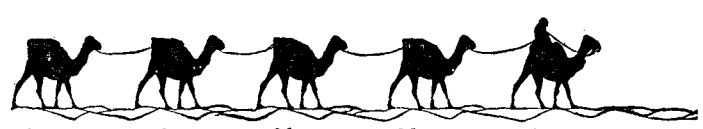
THE DEVIL'S SAINT. By DULCIE DEAMER. International Publishers. 1925. $2.

There is little we can utter in praise of this violent, hectically over-written mediæval fairy tale. It has happy moments, when the action calms down and gives promise of better things to come, but these are invariably brief and unfruitful. The heroine is Sidonia, a child of sixteen, who is being constantly persecuted because of the witch legend fastened upon her by the superstitious folk of the town where she lives. The young son of the ruling noble falls in love with her and saves the girl from death at the stake. The accompanying accessories of the narrative are goblins, demons, hallucinations, monsters, black cats, love-philtres, and patricide. Although the story is juvenile in substance, it is not suitable bed-time literature for the young.

PETER VACUUM. By ANTHONY GIBBS. Dial. 1925. $2.

The author dedicates this first novel to his father, (Sir Philip Gibbs) "who does this sort of thing so much better than I shall ever do." There is promise in this book that the son can write, but it is hardly filial to hint that Sir Philip does this sort of thing. There are traces of Wodehouse along with the Gibbs.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Caravan" on its long journey



5th Printing *4th Printing* *3d Printing* *2d Printing* *1st Printing*

"Caravan," a companion volume to "The Forsyte Saga," carries a rich freight, for it presents, in 760 pages, all of Mr. Galsworthy's fiction short of the novel in length. At $2.50 it presents one of the most remarkable values ever offered to the discriminating reader.

On sale at all bookstores :: *Charles Scribner's Sons*

Dutton's

MOST RECENT BOOKS

YOUTH AND THE EAST
By EDMUND CANDLER

An unconventional autobiography which *The English Review* calls: "The best thing of the kind we have ever seen. . .few novels are in the same street with it. $6.00

FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT
By Lt.-Col. EDWARD D. MILLER

It might well be called "fifty years of sport, soldiering and society". Its author is perhaps the best known in America of living English sportsmen, this final chapter is on "Polo in America". $6.00

THE EARL BISHOP
By W. S. CHILDE-PEMBERTON

The life of Frederick Hervey, traveller, art patron, and Bishop of Derry, playing a prominent part in the troubled Irish politics of the late eighteenth century contains many unpublished letters and excellent portraits. In two volumes. $12.00

THE CAVALIER SPIRIT
By CYRIL H. HARTMANN

The author of that charming study of the Court of Charles II, "La Belle Stuart", has through the influence of the cavalier spirit upon the life and writings of Richard Lovelace, illuminated the entire period upon which its effect was so strong. $3.00

THE MYSTERY OF JOAN OF ARC
BY LEON DENIS. Translated by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Facts absolutely authenticated are here interpreted from the point of view of a psychic investigator. $2.50

WHEN THE MOVIES WERE YOUNG
By LINDA GRIFFITH.

Let Mrs. D. W. Griffith share with you her fascinating collection of photographs of scenes and stars while she gossips of the development of an industry which has come to be a great influence in American life. $3.00

MANY FURROWS
By A. G. GARDINER

A delightful blend of wit, charm and pith by the author of "Alpha of the Plough". A book to set alongside your Essays of Milne and Beerbohm. Illustrated with lively pen drawings by Clive Gardiner. $2.50

GREEN APPLE HARVEST
By SHILA KAYE-SMITH

Author of "The George and the Crown", etc.

This novel is so often rated as its author's best that a new edition has been published for those who were so unfortunate as not to discover her books until the appearance of her fine later novel "Joanna Godden". $2.00

DELICIOUSLY FUNNY

THE KING'S BREAKFAST
By A. A. MILNE. With an entirely new song "Feed My Cow" and music. **By H. FRASER-SIMSON**

Would you think anything could be funnier than that absurd poem in "When we were very young" about the King whom nobody could call a fussy man but who did like a bit of butter with his bread? But this edition with music and Mr. Milne's amusing parody of a "Critical introduction" makes it so. With drawings by E. H. Shepard. $2.00

Obtainable through your local bookseller, or from

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD BOOKS

A HISTORY OF GREEK RELIGION

By Martin P. Nilsson. Translated from the Swedish by F. J. Fielden. With a Preface by James G. Frazer. Net $4.25.

The book begins with an exposition of the Minoan-Mycenaean religion according to the monuments and an attempt to trace its survivals in the Greek religion. A separate section is devoted to Homer, whose influence has impressed itself most deeply on all following ages.

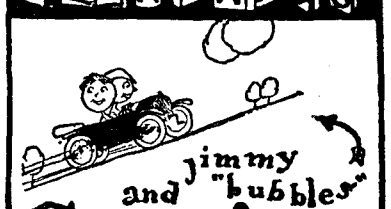
THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

And the Life of Brother Giles.
By James Rhoades Nett 80c
World's Classics No. 265

A companion volume to the same Author's translation of the poems of Virgil in the World's Classics.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 W. 32nd Street, New York

BRENTANO'S



Cousins
by Bellamy Partridge
Author of "Sube Cane"

This highly amusing book is mostly about boys but with some sly digs at their elders. Jimmy and Bubbles have a genius for mischief, and when things get too hot for them around home they set out on a pretended career of crime in the Family Ford. ($2.00)

All lovers of "Tom Sawyer", "Penrod", "Sube", and "Huck Finn", will adore Jimmie and Bubbles.

BRENTANO'S
Publishers • New York

BRENTANO'S

By
ELINOR WYLIE

The Venetian Glass Nephew

Carl Van Vechten in the Saturday Review: "In her atmospheric evocation of the eighteenth century Mrs. Wylie remains, in our day, without a single rival." **$2.00**

By the author of Jennifer Lorn

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY *Publishers* New York DORAN BOOKS

a business that is also a profession

Bookselling as a career offers you the satisfaction of a dignified and interesting calling, in addition to the opportunity for substantial profit. If you are in a position to engage in a business of your own, involving a moderate capital investment, we shall be glad to furnish details as to minimum requirements and the procedure for opening a Bookshop.

BOOK SALES PROMOTION BUREAU
Room 321, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York

The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from preceding Page)

The people are raw; they do preposterous things in preposterous ways. It would have been better if the Gibbs hierarchy had advised the author to bide his time as a novelist before trying to do this story of Peter Vacuum, the rich American at Oxford, and the differences between the nationals of the two English speaking countries.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY. By *Gilbert Parker.* Harpers. $2.
THE DEPTHS OF PROSPERITY. By *Phyllis Bottome and Dorothy Thompson.* Doran. $2 net.
THE UNDER DOG. By *Hulbert Fortner.* Doran. $2 net.
RUNAWAY. By *Floyd Dell.* Doran. $2 net.
OH, BRASS MUSIC! By *Richard Blaker.* Doran. $2.50.
BREAD AND JAM. By *Nalko Bartley.* Doran. $2 net.
ASMODENS, OR THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS. By *Alain Rene Le Sage.* Translated by *Joseph Thomas.* Doran. $7.50 net.
MAN OF STRIFE. By *Grove Wilson.* Frank-Maurice. $2.
THE LAVARONS. By *Clara Louise Burnham.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.
THE STORMY PETREL. By *Oswald Kendall.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.
POSSESSION. By *Louis Bromfield.* Stokes. $2.50.
ADVENTURES IN UNDERSTANDING. By *David Grayson.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.
COUSINS. By *Bellamy Partridge.* Brentanos. $2.
BELSHAZZAR. By *William Stearns Davis.* Macmillan. $2.
THE EDUCATION OF SALLIE MAY. By *Fannie Kilbourne.* Putnam. $1.50.
"DAWGS." Edited by *Charles Wright Gray.* Holt. $2.50.
LITTLE TEXAS. By *Dixie Wilson.* Appleton. $1.75.
THE OFFICE. By *Nathan Asch.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.
THE MARKHAM AFFAIR. By *Stanley Porter Hyatt.* Clode. $2 net.
THE SCAR. By *Derek Vane.* Clode. $2 net.
CAUCASIAN FOLK TALES. Selected and translated from the originals by *Adolf Dirr.* Translated into English by *Lucy Menzies.* Dutton. $2.

Miscellaneous

COMB MAKING IN AMERICA. Compiled and privately printed for BERNARD W. DOYLE. 1925.

In one of the larger public libraries, we found only two books on combs. Of one, in French, a third was on that subject, the rest dealing with buttons and other matters. The second was a pamphlet of fourteen pages. Doubtless other references could be found in histories, periodicals, and public documents, but these are all that appear in the catalogue. This volume therefore assumes a conspicuous place. It is largely historical in nature, "an account of the origin and development of the industry for which Leominster has become famous. The technical features of comb making are treated only incidentally in two chapters: Improvements in the manufacture of combs, and Horn, tortoise shell, ivory and their substitutes. The book is creditably presented, and is illustrated profusely with portraits and with pictures of early instruments, shops, and houses. We regret that its bibliographical value was not enhanced by an index, but even without it this is an interesting and comprehensive work.

CORNERSTONES OF AUCTION BRIDGE. By *Carl E. L. Armann.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.
ARMENIAN MYTHOLOGY. By *Mardiros H. Ananikian.* (*Mythology of All Races.* Marshall Jones).
MANITO MASKS. By *Hartley Alexander.* Dutton. $3.50.

Poetry

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by *Louis Untermeyer.* Harcourt, Brace. $3 net.
MODERN BRITISH POETRY. Edited by *Louis Untermeyer.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50 net.
THE JEWISH ANTHOLOGY. Edited by *Edmond Fleg.* Translated by *Maurice Samuel.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
SONGS OF THE SOIL. By *Barton Rees Pogue.* Old Swimmin' Hole Press, Greenfield, Ind. $1.
BLUE NORTHES. By *Therese Lindsey.* New York: Vinal. $1.50.
IN THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL. By *A. A. Milne.* London. Dutton. 75 cents.
LURE OF THE WILDS. By *Esther Nelson Karn.* Four Seas.
TIGER JOY. By *Stephen Vincent Benet.* Doran. $1.75 net.
SLOW SMOKE. By *Lew Sarett.* Holt.
THE DIFFERENCES AND OTHER POEMS. By *Harriet Monroe.* Macmillan. $1.50.
BALLADS AND LYRICS. By *Margaret Widdemer.* Harcourt, Brace.
WHEN I GREW UP TO MIDDLE AGE. By *Struthers Burt.* $2.
SELECTED POEMS. By *Edgar Lee Masters.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Travel

MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH. By *Sir Mikul Chandra Dey. Doran.* $6 net.
ROLLING ROUND THE WORLD—FOR FUN. By *Stanton Hope. Doran.* $5 net.
A WAYFARER IN HUNGARY. By *George A. Birmingham.* Dutton. $4.
A WAYFARER IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. By *E. I. Robson.* Dutton. $3.
THE BANISHED CITIES OF ARABIA. By *Mrs. Steuart Erskine.* Dutton. $6.
ITALIAN TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE. By *Colin R. Coote.* Brentanos. $3.
UNDER THE ITALIAN ALPS. By *Elinor Lucy Broadbent.* Brentanos. $3.
DAVID GOES VOYAGING. By *David Binney Putnam.* Putnam. $1.75.

Trade Winds

SUMMER travelers from England have brought back to stay-at-homes pleasant reports of the Recitations or Verse-Speaking Contests held at Oxford in the last week in July. To their success, John Masefield, Gilbert Murray, Laurence Binyon, and others have given of their time and enthusiasm. These, with others, served as judges and listened carefully to the hundreds of entrants from all over England. It is the third year of this effort to widen the interest in the English speech well-spoken, and I should like to have heard the fine stanzas of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton rolling sonorously out in Oxford halls with the varying accents of twenty counties. In fact, I think I should have been willing to pay 5s. entrance fee, plus extra-mural lodgings to have had the chance to send out into Oxford halls my best rendering of Ulysses's speech in "Troilus and Cressida," Act. I, Scene 3, which was one of the prescribed passages, or selected lines from "Paradise Lost."

There is word in current theatre gossip that Park Avenue is to have a theatre, promising smart try-outs of plays by John Murray Anderson and Robert Milton. If theatres should spring up as thick to the east of me on this cross-street of mine as they are to the west, it would do no harm to business, for theatre lovers are good book buyers as well as friendly visitors. Apparently, theatre folk have many plans under way to help us bookshop people. The Shaw revivals have already registered heavily in bookshop demands. The vogue for the black and gold volumes of Arlen is extended by the productions of "The Green Hat" and "These Charming People." Galsworthy is to be happily revived with "Silver Box" (his "Caravan" has been my best seller this week) and Sheridan may have both "Rivals" and "School for Scandal" on the boards. Revivals sometimes lead to special illustrated editions, but, if "Hamlet" is given in modern dress, we trust it will not lead to a gift edition with photographs.

John Drinkwater is with us again, a welcome and courteous visitor. He has done or is doing a Burns play, we hear, thereby beating E. Barrington to a good field. Authors have to stake out their ground quickly now if they are to "do" a romantic character of literature or politics. Maurois, who has found a market here for 30,000 of his "Ariel," has announced that Disraeli will follow Shelley, and the report is that the bidding for the book was lively. Shelley we have had, Byron, Lady Hamilton, Barnum, Young, Napoleon III, and now Burns and Disraeli, all characters who played their parts with such confidence and abandon that, as we reread about them there is the inclination to say, "Well, how *did* they get away with it?"

As the number of my customers for good printing is increasing, I am pleased to see that Stanley Morison has prepared under the title, "The Art of the Printer" a big volume with 250 examples of the best work and at a fraction of the price his "Four Centuries of Fine Printing" costs. It carries the subject from Aldus to Morris.

I knew when I wrote the last "Trade Winds" I might make a mistake if I tried to enumerate from memory all the Browns who adorn the New York booktrade, for, besides the three mentioned, there is also Brown of Broad Street, the courageous young lady whose new bookshop with its dapper new fittings and glorious location may well make us up-town shop keepers jealous. No wonder the American booktrade takes pride in what its women have done. A man would have looked at Broad Street rents (and I did) and sheered off, yet Mesdemoiselles Ball and Brown walked in and did the trick, "Angels walk in where fools have feared to tread."

Putnam's shop has blossomed out in a noble bronze door as shiny as those favored by the Bankers Trust Company, or S. W. Straus Company. It must have been a good year in Forty-Fifth Street, or, has the coming of Brentano's rubricated book cathedral to the neighborhood been a spur? One has to admit that New York's large bookstores make a brave showing, and even we lesser lights have given some thought to appearances and have our own boastful moments. The insidious influence of "The Avenue" has even changed the Child's restaurant fronts to bronze arches and impeccable fruit bowls.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

News

A NUMBER of correspondents (two, to be exact) have asked us whether The Saturday Review of Literature won't print ads in type other than the caslon used in the text. Done:—Printer, please set this column in Bodoni Book.

* * *

Speaking of typography: in the September 26th issue of this magazine we altruistically announced that we would send with our compliments copies of a brochure describing Morison's *Art of the Printer*, of which we are importing 250 copies, price $7.50.

* * *

A slug must have dropped from the final proof, for the September 26th issue told readers about an opportunity to send for a brochure on "*The Art of the. . .er*".

* * *

In spite of which, we had several requests for the brochure, one of which was postscripted

to. . .er is human, to forgive, divine.

* * *

So, it's *The Art of the Printer*, by Stanley Morison, price $7.50, and worth it to printers, publishers and all with similar interests. It's a popular priced edition of the famous $60 edition.

* * *

In a recent issue we wrote of Mrs. Mowbray-Clarke's (of the Sunwise Turn Bookshop) enthusiasm for our book of poems, *You Who Have Dreams*, by Maxwell Anderson ($2.00).

* * *

The same spirit of perversity that dropped the slugs from *The Art of the Printer* identified Mrs. Mowbray-Clarke with The Brick Row Bookshop instead of The Sunwise Turn Bookshop.

* * *

As all New York bibliophiles well know, Mr. Byrne Hackett presides at the Brick Row Bookshop on 47th Street, while Mrs. Mowbray-Clarke has her famous Sunwise Turn Bookshop two blocks South, in the Yale Club Building.

* * *

Booksellers are following the hint laid by the American Florists' Association. Not only flowers, but books may now be sent by wire.

* * *

Is there a birthday or anniversary you wish to greet out of town? If so, see your bookseller.

* * *

He will gladly tell you what book may be sent, and at what price, and arrange for sending it by telegraph. Even if there is no birthday to remember immediately, it will pay you to talk to your bookseller about this sending books by wire. It will prove a life saver to tens of thousands (both on the transmitting and receiving end) this Fall.

* * *

Again, out of altruism, we must add here a number of our books that may help out on these gift occasions—they're just published for that purpose:

Barber Shop Ballads by Sigmund Spaeth ($2.00)
The Poker Book by H. T. Webster ($2.50 and $1.50)
Any of our *Cross Word Puzzle Books*—Series 4 will be ready October 15th ($1.35)
Cartoons from Life by Ellison Hoover ($1.50)

* * *

And, if they (or you) like poetry, don't overlook *You Who Have Dreams* by Maxwell Anderson ($2.00).

* * *

The Man Mencken by Isaac Goldberg ($4.00) and Fraulein Else by Arthur Schnitzler ($1.50) will be published almost any minute now.

Simon & Schuster
37 West 57th Street
New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Press

2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

An Introduction to the HISTORY OF HISTORY

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

Professor of History in Columbus University

Pp. xii + 339. Frontispiece. $4.50

A history of historians and the methods used in their work. Beginning with prehistory the subject is developed through myths and legends to Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian and Persian records and thence on to Greek, Roman, mediaeval and modern history. A final chapter deals with "The interpretation of History."

"An entrancing book, which no student of history can read without feeling his pulse beat faster." — *Scottish Historical Review.*

AT BOOKSTORES

Or direct from the Publishers

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

All questions in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

POSSESSION. By *Louis Bromfield.* (Stokes.)

TIGER JOY. By *Stephen Vincent Benet.* (Doran).

PEOPLE OF THE STEPPES. By *Ralph Fox.* (Houghton Mifflin).

C. H. H., Newark, N. J., asks for a selection of new mystery stories.

THEY say that at least a million copies of "The Red Lamp" (Doran) will be sold: in that case Mrs. Rinehart will receive 200,000 letters asking if she really believes in ghosts. For this mystery is double, making not only the longest, but one of the most complicated crime-stories of the season, and the ghost part is unspoiled by natural causes. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes wrote "Afterwards" (Doubleday, Page), and it curdles the blood as successfully as she is wont to do; this time it is a murder in high society. The suspense in Octavus Roy Cohen's "The Iron Chalice" (Little, Brown) is due to a new and sickening criminal complication of the old dilemma, one year to live and what to do with it. No use turning to the last chapter of Hilaire Belloc's "Mr. Petre" (McBride) for the solution of the maddest and merriest mystery of the publishing season, for unless you have read everything in between you will not understand it. Mr. Belloc is one of two living men who can be at once uproarious and intellectual: the other, Mr. Chesterton, comes out as an illustrator in this book, with portrait sketches that are little masterpieces of characterization. It is a joyous scalp-dance, a *pas de deux* with tomahawks.

In "The Pit Prop Syndicate," by Freeman Mills Crofs (Seltzer), you draw your first long breath when the first murder takes place on page 170; up to that point you have known that something awful was going on, but what on earth could it be? "The Secret of Chimneys," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead), is one of those English countryhouse novels with breakfast on the sideboard, but people are murdered all over the place. "Mrs. Fuller," by Marguerite Bryant (Duffield), is a curious variation on the lost identity theme, plus poison. "The Death of a Millionaire" (Macmillan) is by the G. D. H. Cole who wrote "The Brooklyn Murders," and like that absorbing work, involves many people of importance in a close-woven plot. Then there are the yarns that we will read anyway because we read anything that author writes: "The Annam Jewel," by Patricia Wentworth (Small, Maynard), Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's "Burned Evidence" (Putnam), and "The Charteris Mystery" (Knopf) for the discriminating admirers of A. Fielding, author of "The Eames-Erskine Case." And for lack of further space you must take my word for it that R. T. M. Scott's "The Black Magician" (Dutton), Lynn Brock's "The Deductions of Colonel Gore" (Harper), and Earl Derr Biggers's "House Without a Key" (Bobbs-Merrill) should be included in a list that puts some strain on the Commandments and more on the nerves of a timid reader.

J. T., Seattle, Wash., asks for guidebooks for Algeria, Tunis, and Dalmatia, "to take the place of Baedeker, now out of date."

THE best I know is a travel-book, "The Adventures of Imshi: a two-Seater in Search of the Sun," by John Prioleau (Little, Brown), who took a small motor-car through France, across to Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, and back to England by way of Spain. This speaks of the *Guide Bleu* for Algeria and Tunis (Hachette), and of the *Guide Michelin,* called "Les Pays du Soleil," saying that their itineraries are reliable but that no book can foresee for twenty-four hours the action of Algerian climate on road conditions. Mr. Prioleau's book is almost as detailed as a Baedeker and has the advantage of sparkling with recent personal experience and resulting advice. For Dalmatia I know of nothing later than the section given to it in Baedeker's "Austria" (Scribner). Perhaps someone will tell me.

D. H., Staten Island, N. Y., asks if there is any book in which she can find the symbolism of the Russian Orthodox Church and something of its history.

THE "Service Book of the Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Church" is published by the Association Press, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. It was compiled, translated into English and arranged from the Old Slavonic service books of the Russian Church by Isabel Hapgood, and is collated with the service books of the Greek Church. This book, which has the endorsement of Patriarch Tikhon, answers all the questions people who watch the service from the gallery of the Russian Cathedral off Madison Avenue ask anyone who looks as if he had been there before: no one there has answered so many so wisely as Miss Hapgood. "The Russian Church: Lectures on Its History, Constitution, Doctrines and Ceremonies" was published by the Anglican and Eastern Association in 1916; it is by four authorities with an introduction by the Bishop of London. Anyone interested in this subject will find food for thought in Hugh Reyburn's "The Story of the Russian Church" (Melrose), which outlines the relations of church and state for the thousand years from Ruric to Lenin, while the student of theology need not be reminded of the famous work of Adrian Fortescue, "The Orthodox Eastern Church."

J. B. L., Colorado Springs, Colo., asks what books will tell her what Prohibition has brought about, as there seems to be so wide a difference of opinion.

"WHAT PROHIBITION HAS DONE TO AMERICA," by Fabian Franklin (Harcourt, Brace) came out a couple of seasons ago; Knopf has just published John A. Krout's "Origins of Prohibition." The former is a little book, the latter a large one; both will interest this correspondent, Mr. Krout's book for the study of factors preparing the way for prohibitory legislation. The *Morning Post* of London early in July made the practical results of Prohibition the subject of one of its series of "controversies" in which two authorities on some subject carry on an urbane duel for a week, their articles appearing on alternate days.

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work? I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures.

The Writers' Workshop, Inc.
135 East 58th Street
New York City

Mathilde Weil

McDEVITT-WILSON'S INC. BOOKSELLERS 30 CHURCH STREET NEW YORK

HUDSON TERMINAL BLDG CORTLAND 1779

Annex—54 Dey St. Cortland 0948

BOOKS

YELLOW FINGERS
By
GENE WRIGHT
Men called him "Brute" Shane. Negoro, the Malay chieftain, called him "brother" This bold, roystering Irish sea rover comes into the life of Nona Deering in time to save her from the clutching yellow fingers of Qwong Li. Some chapters pulsate with the weird purr of Eastern music. Others crash with the lash of the typhoon and the beat of war drums But every chapter grips and entertains
$2.00 EVERYWHERE
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

"Far more fascinating than the visions of romantic commonwealths depicted by William Morris, Samuel Butler, Edward Bellamy and H. G. Wells . . . ."

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES

By THOMAS NIXON CARVER

". . . . and the happy and prosperous state that is envisaged is not the creation of poetic fancy. It is the forecast of one of our most scholarly and conservative economists of what these United States may become within a relatively short time."—*The New York Times.* $2.50

Earlier Volumes in this Important Group of Books on American Nationalism

THE NEW BARBARIANS

By WILBUR C. ABBOTT

"A thoughtful book on matters of the greatest importance to every American."—*New York Evening Post.* $2.50

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE UNION

By WILLIAM McDOUGALL

"To all who have the welfare of America at heart, we unhesitatingly recommend this book."—*The Boston Transcript.* $2.50

For Sale at All Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Publishers, Boston

Speaking of Books

Dictator and Transcriber

will make equal use of this practical aid to the cause of good letter writing. John A. Powell has formulated in his new handbook what he has found to be the essentials of a well-written business letter. The thoughtful consideration of the important points that he stresses cannot fail to be of value both in the composition and the mechanical transcription of all letters. *How to Write Business Letters.* By John A. Powell. $1.50, postpaid $1.60.

Typographic Style

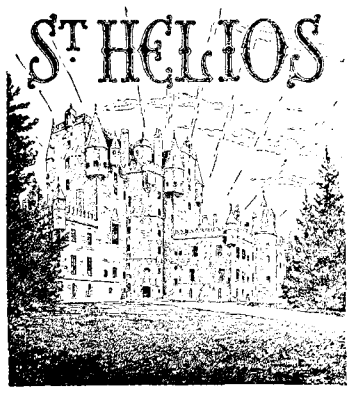
has been thoroughly, consistently and practically presented in the eighth, completely revised edition of *A Manual of Style.* Compiled by the Staff of the University of Chicago Press. $3.00, postpaid $3.15.

"It is one of the most all around useful little books I have seen for a long time."
—*Chicago Tribune*

"It is an admirably clear and simple presentation of the laws governing literary practice. . . altogether it is a book to covet for every editorial office."
—*The Saturday Review of Literature*

306 Kuiken Sat Rev 10-10-25

THE University of Chicago Press
CHICAGO



By
ANNA ROBERTSON BURR
Author of
"The Great House in the Park"
"The House on Smith Square"
"The House on Charles Street"

"Inevitably one compares this book with "Glorious Apollo" . . . The superiority, however, lies with "St. Helios"—an incomparably better book. There is a touch of genius in the character-drawing."
—DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN in *The Boston Transcript*

"Written with an amazing understanding of England and Scotland, considering that the author is American. As much at home there as Anne Douglas Sedgwick. . . A solidly done and engaging book."
—HERSCHEL BRICKELL in *The Evening Post*

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, $2.00

DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
211 E. 19th St. NEW YORK

"Mr. Mosher's Catalogue is an annual event"
—Christopher Morley—

THE MOSHER BOOKS
REPRINTS OF BELLES LETTRES
PORTLAND, MAINE

Catalogue Just Issued—
—Free on Request

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Sporting Spirit

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In a recent review of Charles W. Gray's anthology, "The Sporting Spirit," a characteristically modern attitude is presented. The reviewer is of the opinion that the book would have been bettered if the major sports had been emphasized at the expense of the minor—that "another of Witwer's fight stories or a baseball story by Ring Lardner to supplement Charles Van Loan's 'Mister Conley'" would have been a wise step—that "'quoit pitching' (which is evidently an attempt at irony) should be ignored and football duplicated."

Such a viewpoint is very clearly American in its desire to favor the large audienced games, a viewpoint which causes thousands to watch while a few play. And that it the unpardonable sin of American sport.

Mr. Gray explains in the preface that the stories are but "representative of their fields; the aim being to select stories which mirror the atmosphere of the sport about which they were written." Naturally, if the field of sport is to be spoken for as a whole, it would be a strange step to eliminate George Agnew Chamberlain so that Dana Burnet might appear twice, merely because there are fewer devotees of tandem coaching than there are of the gridiron pastime; a questionable procedure to cut M. L. C. Pickthall's "The Men Who Climbed" in order to give Zane Grey or Gerald Beaumont more space simply because larger groups attend to fishing and horse racing than climb mountains.

Any form of the sporting life is of importance—none are to be stressed at the expense of others if a widespread interest in it is to flourish. One man's golf may be another's backache; but that doesn't lessen the interest of a certain group in golf.

"The Sporting Spirit" proves its thesis and no more was its intention. It is a worthy attempt to give a sort of recognition to a branch of literature that for far too long has been neglected, and it is hardly deserving of such aimless criticism.

Very truly yours,
J. O. BROOKS.

Los Angeles.

Good Reading

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Some weeks ago you quoted from Virginia Woolf (was it not?) urging more persons to read Addison rather than merely talk about him. By reading Addison I suppose is meant in general reading the *Spectator* Paper. At any rate I thought you might be interested to know that one reader appreciated that item, for I was just finishing and have now finished reading the whole *Spectator*, 897 pages double column, small type, 635 numbers. And very good reading it was, extraordinarily modern in tone, topics, and columnyish hitting off the passing talk of the day. Which of our present columnyists will be plowed through or even recommended 200 years after *The World*, *The Saturday Review* et al. are ashes?

CARROLL T. BROWN.

Indian Lake, N. Y.

Edmund Burke

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I have for the past ten years been engaged in the preparation of a definitive edition of the correspondence of Edmund Burke. My labors are practically completed, but at the eleventh hour I seek the hospitality of your columns to ask any of your readers who possess original letters written by the great statesman to be so vastly obliging as to lend me them or, if that is impossible to send me copies for insertion in my edition.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

3 Douglas Mansions,
West End Lane, London, N.W.6.

Research

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In a recent number of the *Saturday Review* Mr. McElderry ably defended academic research against its detractors. As he points out, the faults and not the merits of scholarship are too often selected for comment. Professor Lane Cooper of Cornell is one of the most eloquent champions of genuine research. In an essay "The Function of the Leader in Scholarship," found in "Two Views of Education," he shows that the ideal scholar is neither a pedant nor a dilletante, and that a number of authors of the first rank have been profound scholars.

Many jibes at research proceed from ignorance of the facts. To the man on the street, for example, German scholarship is synonymous with pedantry, whereas its weak side is rather hasty generalization. A genuinely great investigator, whether his specialty be chemistry or literature, is spurred on by a romantic zeal which enables him to endure the necessary drudgery of his work. Jakob Grimm wrote that it was the attraction of Middle High German poetry which led him to engage in his grammatical studies. It has always seemed to me more than accidental that the Romantic Movement in German literature was accompanied by a scholarly activity of a far-reaching and revolutionary significance for many fields of thought.

L. A. SHEARS.

Notice

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Serious differences having arisen between myself and my collaborator, I wish it to be known to you and all your readers that beginning with the 1926 annual issue I shall have no connection whatsoever with the "Best British Short Stories."

Yours faithfully,
JOHN COURNOS.

London.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

K. W. B., Cambridge, Mass., has acquired an old New England cottage on an acre well arranged. He asks what books on lot, house in good condition and grounds general repairs and the care of plants and shrubs will equip him for keeping the place as it is and even making it more so.

I HAVE a relative on a New England farm who maintains that any kind of a farmer must be at least ten experts and proves it, when anything goes wrong on his hilltop, by settling single-handed jobs that in a more specialized community involve half a dozen trades-unions, a chemical laboratory, and the College of Veterinaries. In much the same spirit Chelsea Fraser has prepared, for owners of places not next-door to everything, "The Practical Book of Home Repairs" (Crowell), a general course in what to do for it—carpentry, soldering, heating, concrete, even cobbling. H. W. Saylor's "Tinkering with Tools" (Little Brown) I have often recommended: it attends not only to woodwork but to such matters as plumbing and electric wiring. "The Amateur Electrician's Handbook," by A. Frederick Collins (Crowell), includes not only repair work but has directions and many diagrams.

"The Small House: Its Possibilities," by Mary H. Northend (Dodd, Mead) is a good general guide to keep on hand, not only in choosing furniture but in matters like doors, fixtures, and such planting as "ties the house to the ground."

If K. W. B. were not so well suited with his house as it is, I would tell him about "Redeeming Old Homes," by Amelia L. Hill (Holt), a book for those who dream of making over a shack or a barn, while if he were intending to build he should know of "The Bungalow Book" (Macmillan) by Charles E. White, Jr., author of "Successful Houses and How to Build Them," and a new one full of practical suggestions to architects, builders, and owners, Oswald C. Hering's "Economy in Home Building" (McBride). This is full of instructive photographs before and after. But in any case there will be a place in his library for "The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie Boynton (McBride), for the heart of his house must be kept going and I know of no book better for making it go evenly.

The best book for outside the house, for amateur use, is "Gardening with Brains," by Henry T. Finck (Harper). If the place has a rose garden or plans to adorn itself with this blessed plant, get "Roses for All American Climates" (Macmillan), a practical work with some of the prettiest possible pictures in color.

Just Published

The first novel in three years by the author of IF WINTER COMES

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

by A.S.M. HUTCHINSON

$2.00 *wherever books are sold*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.
Publishers,
Boston

By the author of
"The Green Bay Tree"

POSSESSION

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

Are you possessed, inexorably, by family, convention, fear?

Or are you one of those born free, imperious, unafraid?
Ellen Tolliver was one of these.

Louis Bromfield tells her story in

POSSESSION

"We have no hesitancy in placing Louis Bromfield among the few of our living novelists who count."
—Dorothea Lawrance Mann.

At all bookshops, $2.50

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
Publishers New York

What book of recent years has had such praise as this?

THE TALE OF GENJI

By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley.

"Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' with music by Debussy. . . . Vigorously alive. Its petals drift on eternal flesh and blood. . . . It reads like the wind."—*Witter Bynner* in the *New York Herald-Tribune*

"Wonderful beauty. . . . A forgotten civilization comes to life with a completeness surpassed only by the greatest of our novelists."—*London Times.*

"A most astonishing volume. . . . It not only resembles in a way the work of Proust, but it reminds us of 'Tom Jones' . . . Drenched in lyrical beauty . . . Will rank as one of the greatest masterpieces of the world."—*Llewellyn Jones* in the *Chicago Post.*

"One of the greatest novels of all times."
—*Burton Rascoe.*

"A story as robust as 'Tom Jones,' as discerning as 'Don Quixote' and as untrammeled as 'The Thousand and One Nights.' . . . A work of such freshness, power, beauty and charm that the term masterpiece is not misplaced."—*New York Times.*

"One of the rare masterpieces of translation, one of the great novels of the world."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Wholly a delight. It brings sheer happiness by its truth, beauty, humor, its understanding of humanity and zest for life, its admirable richness of texture. . . . A deep savoring beauty, at times seen in a passionate eagerness for life, or again permeated by a dream quality of loveliness. . . . A book which adds to the permanent enrichment of life."
—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

Illustrated in color, $3 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY 2 Park St. Boston

Common Wealth

C. G. Campbell

THIS work as a whole attempts to define the true conditions of the wealth ephnomenon, its intrinsic nature on the one hand and its proper relation to human life conditions on the other. It challenges and endeavors to correct some of the most long-standing economic teachings. Its most striking and important deductions are that the true and ultimate benefit which wealth is capable of conferring is communal. But the final and dramatic conclusion is that this great means to common benefit depends for its creation, maintenance and best utilization upon a minority of the Social Body.

Price $3.00

IT'S A CENTURY BOOK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK [illegible] HOPKINS

A VALUABLE "INDEX"

THE "Index to the American Book-Prices Current 1916—1922" compiled by Philip Sanford Goulding and Helen Plummer Goulding has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers of the "American Book-Prices Current." The volume is an octavo of 1,397 pages, well printed on good paper, bound in buckram and limited to 750 copies. It covers a period of seven years, the most important in American bibliographical annals because of the new high level of prices which genuine rarities of all kinds have brought and because of the large number of important book sales.

The index in general follows that of the volumes covered. The items are arranged alphabetically by author, or, in the case of anonymous books, by the first word of the title. Under each author's name, his works are listed alphabetically, and various editions chronologically, with undated items at the end. Complete, or collected, works are placed at the end of the alphabetical file of titles. Almanacs are arranged according to the years covered. Following each entry, the figures in bold-faced type indicate the year of the volume containing the item, the lighter figures, the page on which the item appears. The few abbreviations are those used in the annual volumes. As far as possible editions and translations have been kept together, the translations arranged by the name of the language into which translated. There has been so great a need for space that condensed titles have been adopted. Aside from those indicated in the volumes themselves, references have been used sparingly. Since some books have more than one interest, and appear, for instance, in some auction catalogues under the name of a prominent illustrator rather than of the author, and also because in past years the editorship of the series has changed, the same item has not always been consistently catalogued. As far as possible every effort has been used to avoid duplication and to reconcile all such variations in the entries.

Such are the typographical and bibliographical arrangement of one of the most important reference books in existence for all who have to do with rare books. The collector, dealer, and librarian will soon find it indispensable for quick and thor[illegible] present auction values [illegible] and many will be grate[illegible] publishers for giving it to [illegible]

[illegible]SCHICK LIBRARY SOLD

THE announcement comes from Koehler & Volckmar & Co. of Leipzig, of the purchase of the well known library of Robert Saitschick, active for many years at the Universities of Zurich and Cologne as professor of literature and art. The library is divided into two principal parts and comprises about 25,000 volumes. The entire library was valued five years ago at 2,000,000 Swiss francs. Owing to the many additions which were made during the time of the depreciation of the German money, the value of the library has been greatly increased. The first part contains rarities of five centuries and many languages. The second part, mainly of German literature, contains many first editions, association copies and other rarities. Selections from the first part will be sold at auction in Stuttgart this season. The second part, including first editions in several languages, will be catalogued and offered to collectors all over the world. Theodore Stanton undertook to sell this library in this country several years ago but it was not then regarded as available for the American market at the price asked.

FORTHCOMING SALES

ON OCTOBER 5 and 6 the Anderson Galleries will hold the first book sale of the season. A very interesting lot of books from various consignors consisting of first editions of modern American and English authors, a few publications of special and private presses, book clubs and books about books and bibliography will be sold.

On October 15 the military correspondence of Major General George H. Thomas during the Civil War, of Brigadier General James Chesnut of the Confederate Army and aide to President Davis, of James L. Manning, Confederate war governor of South Carolina, including also the Papers of Colonel John Chesnut of the Revolutionary War, will be sold by Stan. V. Henkels & Son in Philadelphia. Of the Thomas correspondence Mr. Henkels says that "its importance to the historian cannot be overestimated, and the opportunity offered collectors of autographs to obtain fine military letters of one of the most noted characters in the Civil War, and those of his fellow officers, is a chance that cannot occur again." An important feature of the sale is a remarkably fine and full set of letters of the presidents, down to and including the present incumbent. They are all full autograph letters signed, with the exception of Andrew Johnson, which is an autograph sentiment signed, and Zachary Taylor, which is a military letter signed; James A. Garfield is represented by a letter signed and William H. Taft by a letter signed. The sale includes a very remarkable Lincoln document. It is a telegram, in answer to one Robert A. Maxwell. Lincoln wrote out an answer, but decided not to send it, and turning to Charles A. Tinker, cipher clerk and manager of telegraph for the war department, said: "Mr. Tinker, you need not send that. I will pay no attention to the crazy fellow." President Lincoln's telegram which never was sent in reply to Maxwell's criticism of General Thomas was as follows:

"I hasten to say that in the state of information we have here, nothing could be more ungenerous than to indulge any suspicion toward General Thomas. It is doubtful whether his heroism and skill, exhibited last Sunday afternoon, has ever been surpassed in the world."

NOTES AND COMMENT

A NEW "Jorrocks" book is announced by Blackwood under the title "Thoughts on Hunting, and other Matters," illustrated in color and pen-and-ink by G. D. Armour. Until collected for the present purpose the contents of the volumes had lain forgotten in old sporting magazines.

* *

In commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Jenny Lind's American tour and the great vocalist's first concert at Castle Garden under the management of P. T. Barnum on September 11, 1850, an exhibition of Lindeana, the largest in the world, the property of W. A. Hildebrand has been opened at the Theatrical Hall of Fame in Jersey City. The exhibition consists largely of portraits and views depicting various incidents in the life and musical career of the Swedish singer.

Christina Alberta's Father

A new novel by

H. G. Wells

"The book is utterly beyond criticism; all the characters are delightfully genuine."
—*The London Spectator.*

For sale at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company

Heywood Broun says:

"The only novel I have found in six months which was to me altogether satisfactory is

THE GREAT GATSBY

by Scott Fitzgerald."

$2.00 at all bookstores. *Scribners*

The Virtuous Husband

A new novel by

Freeman Tilden

"Will afford unalloyed pleasure. Mr. Tilden writes with irony and a delightful sense of burlesque."
—*N Y Post*

For sale at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 6 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

BOOKLOVERS FIND PLEASURE IN visiting our interesting Shop, where our choice and richly varied stock in all departments of Literature, Art and Science is offered at Reasonable Prices. Catalogues issued. Out-of-Print Books supplied. Large or small collections of Books bought for cash. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 83 Fourth Ave., New York. Telephone Stuyvesant 1383.

NEW BOOK BARGAINS: The first price given on the following items is the publishers, ours follows. Van Loon, Story of the Bible, $5.00-$2.50; Wells, Short History of the World, $4.00-$2.50; Stevenson, Famous Crimes and Criminals, $3.00-$1.50; Lawrence, Sea and Sardinia, $5.00-$3.50; Robert Frost, North of Boston, $2.00-$1.00; Lomer, Writing of Today, $2.00-65c; Lear, Nonsense Book, complete with original illustrations, $2.00-$1.00. Send in your order today, allowing 10 per cent for postage. Ask for our bargain catalog of new books at reduced prices. Woodworth's, 1311 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill.

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, will send postpaid and insured, any book mentioned or reviewed anywheres, upon receipt of Published price. Catalogues free. 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

RARE EDITIONS

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FIRST EDITIONS. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Good literature at modest prices. Monthly catalogues issued. Oxford Book Shop, Alfred T. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., at 24th Street.

FIRST EDITION old and rare books. M. E. Northwall, 641 Peters Trust Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

RARE BOOKS in English and French. Catalogue on request. ADELINE ROBERTS, 51 West 49th Street, New York. Open evenings. Circle 8130.

SPECIALISTS

WE SPECIALIZE in furnishing books for fixed monthly or yearly sums to persons anywhere in the world. Suggestions for reading based on individual needs or wishes made without charge. Circular without obligations. The Arnold Company, Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

"SOUNDINGS," "DRUMS"—$2.00 each. Soifer, 1244 Clay Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICIZED, Revised, Typed, Advice as to markets, Twenty-five years as writer, editor, publisher. Circular on request. Also catalog thirty text-books for writers. James Knapp Reeve (Founder and former editor of The Editor) 3 Alex Bldg., Franklin, Ohio.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Our stock is most complete. Send for catalogue stating language desired. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

DID OSCAR WILDE or Mrs. CHAN TOON write "FOR LOVE OF THE KING?" Pamphlet free on application.—C. Millard, 8 Abercorn Place, London, N. W., 8, England.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1203 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa .

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STEEET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncoming of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

SEND FOR CATALOG of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

POETRY: BARGAIN LIST of Shelf-Worn and second hand stock, free. Woodworth's Book Store, 1311 E. 57th St., Chicago.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49th St., New York.

PLAYS wanted, especially original work by new writers. Frieda Fishbein, Play Broker, 104 West 42nd St., New York City.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST. First editions (D. H. Lawrence, Machen, etc.), Publications of Nonesuch Press, Bruce Rogers, items, and other choice and interesting books. Moderately priced. J. Henry Guntzer Jr., 51 North Regent St., Port Chester, N. Y.

CONDOR'S BOOKSTORE, 65 Fifth Ave. Scarce items. Biggest bargains in New York. Come in. Catalogue ready.

BOOKS on every phase of American History; genealogy; local history. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

THE COCK AND THE HEN, charming Czechoslovak Folk Tale, artistically illustrated in vivid colors, ENGLISH Edition, $2.50, SZALATNAY, 542 East 79., New York.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S JOAN OF ARC, three volumes, $3.50. GOTHAM BOOK MART, 51 West 47th St. (Bryant 5812).

WANTED—Situation by experienced proofreader as assistant to author as typist and secretary, in western state, Calif. preferred. Practically acquainted with types. Middle aged woman, very quiet, non-garrulous, amenable to instructions, punctuates and spells perfectly, wages no object, some leisure desired; live in family or out. Present address, Miss B., Box 410, Colorado Springs, Colo.

READ ANY BOOK FREE. Delivered to your New York City business or home address. Phone or write Hermes Travelling Library Service, 81 Nassau St. Courtland 4689.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. 326, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10435 (Largest exclusive out-of-print specialists in the world.)

OUR OUT-OF-PRINT SERVICE searches without obligation for books, magazines, genealogies, English publications, special items, etc. Items quoted at moderate prices. National Bibliophile Service, 1270 Broadway, New York. Pennsylvania 2986.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He calls himself a layman--but see what authorities say of his work!

Stewart Edward White is a strenuous American. He has done about everything. He started out with a Ph. D. from Columbia University and since then has been, among other things, naturalist, lumberjack, explorer, big game hunter, and major in the Field Artillery during the war. Just now he is in Africa hunting lions with a long bow. Having seen so much of the world, he decided to find his own answer to that question all the world asks: "What's it all about?"

So he wrote a little book called CREDO—*A Layman's Philosophy*—a searching analysis by a man eminently fitted to think things out for himself. Here's what a few famous authorities think of CREDO:

VERNON KELLOG: National Research Council: "I am very glad Mr. White has written the book. It is bound to be useful to anyone who reads it. . .I am myself reading it with the liveliest interest."

DR. A. HOLMER: University of Pennsylvania: "It will help the wayfarer who is on the road to intellectual development. Some of his questions it will answer; some it will leave open, but point the way by which he may settle them himself; others it will re-open for him."

CARL E. SEASHORE: Dean, The Graduate College, State University of Iowa: "It is a very refreshing, readable book—a most excellent demonstration of the necessity of thinking things together in the new order of things today."

CREDO is brimfull of original thinking. Here are a few of Mr. White's summaries:

"Any continuity beyond the physical life is not an inherent gift but an earned thing. It is gained by the individual and personal effort of each creature *and in no other way*."

"The soul is born when the individual, of his own volition, looks with love not only outside but above himself. In other words, when he makes for himself a god."

"The past has prepared the conditions with which man is confronted. His own history has prepared his own tendencies. But the moment is his own. At that moment he can, by his own effort, break with the past. He has the opportunity of transcending himself."

"In general mankind is just about where it belongs in the scheme of things, and is rationed by little short of the point where it would be to apt to sit down content."

CREDO is a provocative book, positive, thoughtful, and aggressive. If your bookseller hasn't got it, use the attached coupon.

Doubleday, Page & Co.
Garden City, New York.

Please send me a copy of Stewart Edward White's CREDO— Layman's Philosophy. I enclose check for $2.10 ($2.00 for cost of book, plus 10 cents for mailing charges.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The Phoenix Nest

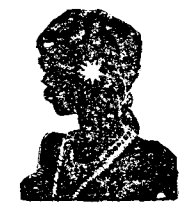
THERE are certainly some attractive looking books tumbling into the office at this time of the year. * * * We say "tumbling" advisedly, because they flood in, one on the heels of another, until it looks like a regular literary tidal wave. * * * On the froth of the wave we see a lot of jackets in rainbow colours, one of the most brilliant being that of "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans" as seen by the remarkable Mexican caricaturist, *Miguel Covarrubias*. * * * *Carl Van Vechten* supplies a preface to the delightful volume, in which he tells how *Sherrill Schell* first asked him to look at some drawings by a Mexican boy, back in the fall of 1923. * * * Carl introduced Covarrubias to many of the *cognoscenti*. * * * "His arrangement of the lines of the face," says Carl, "alone tells the story; occasionally, it must be admitted, a cruel story." * * * Here, in this book, we have all sorts and conditions of the famous: *Calvin Coolidge, Jack Dempsey, H. R. H., Florence Mills, Mencken, Rockefeller, Babe Ruth, Valentino, Gish, Kreisler, Fannie Brice, Paul Whiteman, F. P. A.*—in fact one might call it a perfect modern pantheon of limelighters, with an appendix of a few notable foreigners! Here you have modern art, letters, music, drama, politics, and business in America personified in burlesque by their most renowned characters. It is an up-to-the-minute gallery, and a notable one. * * * Another beautiful book that we snatch from the froth of the wave is of quite another character. It is a symposium for children, "The Flying Carpet," and its collaborators are *Belloc, Chesterton, Hardy, de la Mare, Milne, Hugh Lofting, Davies, Clemence Dane, Newbolt, J. M. Barrie*, and others. Scribner's has got it out, and the famous names *have* really furnished some famous stuff for it. * * * *Marmaduke Pickthall's* masterpiece "Saïd The Fisherman"—and *E. M. Forster* has said that Pickthall is the only contemporary English novelist who understands the nearer East—has been brought out by Knopf in the Blue Jade Library in a sumptuous new edition. * * * For those who liked *Ray Stannard Baker* writing as *David Grayson*—and thousands flocked to his homely philosophy in the past—there is now a new David Grayson volume out, "Adventures in Understanding," illustrated, as were the others, by *Thomas Fogarty*. * * * A novel that appeals to us at a glance, a new novel by a new novelist, is "The Office," by *Nathan Asch*, presented by Harcourt, Brace. The first three brief sections are impressionistic staccatoes of "Wall Street," "The Voice of the Office," and "The Office." Then comes the real story. The office failed, this typical downtown broker's office. Every member of the office force is then given a chapter to his or her name, telling just what they all thought and did. * * * It is an odd scheme for a book, but a clever one. And there is a lot of real life packed into it. * * * After all, American business is the core of our life today in America, and the Brokerage Office is the core of that core. Every T. B. M. ought to widen his horizon by looking through Mr. Asch's book. It may be too realistic a picture of what he already knows, but it will give him many a valuable bit of insight into human nature. * * * *David Binney Putnam*, who went along on *William Beebe's* "Arcturus" Expedition—a lucky twelve-year-old boy who spent three months in the Pacific, and saw volcanoes, sea lions, sharks, and so on—has written an account of it all under the title "David Goes Voyaging." * * * David is the nephew of William Beebe, who has written what Beebe calls "a solemn foreword" to David's book. * * * Out of three bits of verse published in recent years, *Shæmas O'Sheel* has had one picked by *L. A. G. Strong* for inclusion in "The Best Poems of 1925" and one given the *Minaret Poetry Prize* and selected for inclusion in *Braithwaite's* anthology. Quite a record? Best two out of three! * * * "Slow Smoke," *Lew Sarett's* latest book of poems, is a remarkably good collection. Sarett's reputation has been steadily and deservedly growing. * * * *Christopher Ward's* "Foolish Fiction," just out, is the third volume of felicitous parodies from this jester *par excellence* at the Court of Literature. And we understand that, turning to fiction himself, Mr. Ward has just finished a most interesting full length novel. *En route* to Santa Fe, New Mexico, he sends us a postal showing the Soldiers Monument at Harrisburg, Pa., and saying that it marks the spot where the duel between *Andy Jackson* and *Capt. Kidd* was *not* fought. "Wish you were there," he concludes. * * * *Alfred Noyes's* first American lecture, on a new speaking tour which will carry him as far west as Missouri, Illinois, and Michigan, will be given at New London, Connecticut, on October 13th. * * * Mr. Noyes is soon arriving on the *Belgenland*. * * * *Sherwood Anderson's* "Dark Laughter" is being talked about by his publishers as the pinnacle of his achievement. Happening upon *Mr. Charles G. Norris*, author of "Bread," "Brass," and "Pig Iron," on a certain train on the New York, New Haven and Hartford the other day, we peered for the title of the volume that noted American author had brought along with him. It turned out to be "Dark Laughter." * * * We ourselves are anxious to get at the book. "A Story-Teller's Story," as you may or may not know, appealed to us enormously. * * * If Anderson has surpassed the best parts of *that* book in "Dark Laughter" he must indeed have hit a high rate of speed! * * * For all New Fathers, *Fairfax Downey's* "Father's First Two Years" will furnish a good deal of entertainment. Humble apologies and admiration are tendered in it to *Dr. Richard M. Smith*, who wrote "The Baby's First Two Years," and "who began his chapter on how to travel with a baby with the splendid sentiment, 'In the first place, don't!' " * * * The title of the binding of *Montague Glass's* "Y'Understand," his new collected short stories, is printed in Yiddish script. Publishers are up to smart dodges these days—eh, Boys? * * * Recommended from McBride, *Hilaire Belloc's* latest novel, "Mr. Petre," if only for the twenty-two illustrations by *G. K. Chesterton*. * * * *Ben Ray Redman's* study of *Edwin Arlington Robinson* will soon be ready in the Modern American Writers series. *Lloyd Morris* did the last analysis of this our greatest American poet. * * * *William Beebe's* "Jungle Peace" is the first addition to the Modern Library under its new ownership. This library now consists of 112 volumes, and the publishers propose to add a new title on the 25th of every month. The price of the series remains 95 cents per volume. * * * *Keith Preston* of *The Periscope*, in *The Chicago Daily News*, often bowls a ten-strike in the verses with which he garnishes his column. Some time ago we reprinted his lines about the little magazines that died to make verse free, and it seems that that poignant lyric has now gone all over the country. Now awhile ago, in commenting on *Carl Van Vechten's* "Firecrackers," Keith got off some canny verse featuring the peculiar kind of words of which Van Vechten is fond. Here's one of the stanzas:

We promise no mantic prognostication;
The most we can give is an appropinquation;
But, to echo our author a trifle psittaceously,
The public, we think, will devour him edaciously.

* * * An early *Firbank* novel that Firbank has now rewritten, and designates "the smartest of all my work," is "Vainglory." Recommended if you liked "Prancing Nigger!" * * * In "The Goat Without Horns" *Beale Davis* has turned to Haiti, from his "One Way Street," and creates an atmosphere instinct with hypnotism, voodooism and revolutions. * * * Of course we have yet to read and *must* read "The Professor's House," by *Willa Cather*. That's a certainty! * * * Theatre Arts, Inc. have published "Drawings for The Theatre" by *Robert Edmond Jones*, in an exquisite format. This is a limited and autographed edition of six hundred copies, with an introduction by *Arthur Hopkins*. It is needless to say that the designs are superb. * * * "Wives" by *Gamaliel Bradford*, is a collection of studies of seven American women, wives of characters famous or infamous in our history. Here are *Mrs. Benedict Arnold, Mrs. Jeff Davis, Dolly Madison, Mrs. James G. Blaine*, and, most puzzling and tragic, *Mrs. Abe Lincoln*. * * * "The Harper Prize Short Stories" are now out in a book. Among the prize-winners is one distinguished American poet, *Conrad Aiken*. * * * And now, gentle twilight closes upon our mental faculties; which means that it is just about time for us to catch the evening train. * * * So—waving our commutation book at you—*so long!*

THE PHOENICIAN.

By the author of "Lady Into Fox"



The Sailor's Return

BY DAVID GARNETT

With this perfect tale Mr. Garnett proves that he has come to stay—that *Lady Into Fox* was no mere flash in the pan. This story of a British sailor and his bride, a negress of high degree, and their life in the 1850's in an English village is longer and better than anything the author has so far written. $2.00

Caravan

BY WITTER BYNNER

Contains the latest work of one of the foremost contemporary American poets. His first volume of original poems to be published in five years. $1.50

The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans

BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

All, all are here, the old familiar faces. Coolidge and Babe Ruth, Dempsey and Carl Van Vechten, Rockefeller, Fannie Brice, Heywood Broun, Paul Whiteman and Ann Pennington are among the sixty-six caricatures of this brilliant young Mexican. Several are in full colors and Carl Van Vechten writes a characteristic foreword. $3.00

The Autobiography of an Attitude

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Crisp and challenging views on the vaudeville of human existence. Mr. Nathan sets his finger unerringly on the mirth-provoking elements in politics, religion and marriage, vice and censorship, virtue, patriotism and sex. $2.50

The London Perambulator

BY JAMES BONE

Illustrated with 16 Drawings and Etchings

BY MUIRHEAD BONE

James Bone, London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, has lovingly watched his city for more than twenty years. Muirhead Bone's superb illustrations, beautifully reproduced in aquatone, are alone worth the price asked for the finely printed text as well. Buckram bound with gold lettering and gilt top. $5.00

Alfred A. Knopf
730 Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED